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*.A BOWER OF DELIGHTS.*





The Elizabethan Library.







To the high, and most Noble Lord  
The Duke of Saxe  
Cottingham, Honor, and eternal

Right Honourable, the Lords of the Council  
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the proposed bill for the relief of the poor, and in reply to inform you that the same has been referred to the Committee of the Privy Council, and that the same will be brought forward at the next meeting of the Council. I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
 Your obedient servant,  
 J. G.

Board Invited to  
Conclude

Neel Breton



*Handwritten:* 1893  
A Bower of Delights ;

Being interwoven Verse and

Prose from the works of

Nicholas Breton : the

weaver Alexander

*Handwritten:* Mallock  
B. Grofart.



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*Handwritten:* 13. 2. 49

LONDON

ELLIOT STOCK, 62, PATERNOSTER ROW

1893



PR  
2214  
B4A62

OUR title-page in its first portion is taken from a book semi-disclaimed by Breton, but nevertheless apt for these Extracts. It was published in 1591, and was disclaimed in his 'Pilgrimage to Paradise,' albeit a quarrel with the publisher of the 'Bower of Delights' rather than the truth of fact explains the uncharacteristically sour and rude disclaimer. It is to be hoped the 'Bower of Delights' will be reproduced some day. Only one exemplar is known, and it is in private hands.

A. B. G.



## INTRODUCTION.

*There is this differentiation between our present worthy,*

NICHOLAS BRETON, Gentleman,

*and his two predecessors in this Series—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY and SIR WALTER RALEIGH—that whereas we still read and value their writings mainly for what the men were, and so as shedding light on their characters, in his case the man is a mere nominis umbra, while his books are intrinsically preserve-worthy. Sidney and Raleigh seized the nation's imagination and heart in 'the spacious days' of great Elizabeth, and this has imparted an intrinsic interest and immortality to their books. Whatever of interest and imperishable stuff belongs to less prominent actors must be fetched from their 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn' themselves.*

*We have told, as fully as might be at so late a day, the life-story of Breton in*



our Memorial Introduction prefixed to the two massive quartos that contain his Works in the 'Chertsey Worthies Library' (1879). Thither the student-reader is referred. Here, our notice throughout must be brief and summary. He was the second son of William Breton, of Red Cross Street, Cripplegate, London, who had a lineage that warranted that son's use of 'Gentleman' after his name. Essex, Lincoln, Leicestershire and France yield many Bretons related and inter-related.

The age of Master Nicholas in his father's Will—given by us as above in extenso—carries us back to 1542-3 as his birth-date; and the contents of the same Will show that his pathetic after-references to having been 'once rich' and 'gently bred' were equally justified. The family-property—houses and lands—lay 'in Cheap-side' ('an acre' no less—worth half a million to-day probably), Essex and Lincoln.

We have only one solitary glimpse of his academic training. It occurs in an incidental entry in the (still unpublished) Diary of the Rev. Richard Madox (Sloane MS. 5008) under 14th March, 1582, as follows:

'I dynd w<sup>t</sup> Mr. Carlil at his brother



Hudson's, who is governour of Antwerp. He offered me x<sup>li</sup> to take a boy w<sup>t</sup> me [cipher].

'Ther was Mr. Brytten, once of Oriel College, w<sup>ch</sup> made wyts wyl. He speaketh Italian wel [cipher].'

This yields us three facts:

a. That our Nicholas Breton was 'once' of Oriel College, Oxford.

b. That he was now [1582] abroad, and spoke 'Italian.'

c. That his 'Will of Wit' was well known so early as 1582.

Eheu, like too many of our University MSS., the Registers of renowned 'Oriel' of the period, have disappeared; so that his course at Oxford cannot be traced. He several times disclaims learning; but probably it was his modesty that led him so to depreciate himself. Various of his books reveal somewhat extensive travels and observation of men and manners all over Europe: albeit he never wearies of exalting 'this our England' and home.

The next noticeable point is a somewhat sorrowful one; for it tells us that his mother looked more to her own pecuniary interests than to the welfare of her fatherless children. Well left, all was con-



tingent on her remaining 'sole' (i.e., a widow). A law-suit ensued for the protection of the family; but it appears to have been compromised privately. The widow, however, had previously married George Gascoigne, the once 'famous' poet. It is pleasant to note that there are allusions and circumstances casually mentioned by Breton that seem to be declarative of friendship between the stepfather and his stepson.

Another interesting event is Breton's own marriage, as recorded in the Register of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London:

'1592-3, Jan. 14. Nicholas Brytten and Ann Sutton.'

The same Register contains the usual lights and shadows of home-life in Baptisms and Burials. I fear Mrs. Nicholas Breton proved a shrew and unsympathetic. His after-descriptions—poignant and vivid—of the 'Unquiet wife' compel us to think so.

In the Memorial-Introduction already named, will be found a chronological list of the numerous productions of Breton, with details. They date from 1577 and run on to 1626. In 1577 he designates certain of his scattered verses as the 'Workes of a



*Yonge Wit.* He must have 'lisp'd in numbers.'

He went on writing to the close of a long life; and no more pathetic personality of the period greets us than this 'fine old English gentleman,' fallen on evil days, but ever bearing himself bravely and worshipfully. There are touches of melancholy, but never of querulousness. He outlived his great contemporaries and friends. Jacobean times looked poor and mean in the light of Elizabethan. Still he held himself in heart of hope and cheer. Nor is his least distinction that he—bating inevitable coarseness of manners-painting—stood pure and strong. His last book was his 'Fantasticks: serving for a perpetuall Prognostication' . . . one of his brightest and most winsome prose books. It was published in 1626, and his name thenceforth suddenly disappears. All but certainly he died in 1626, and thus had reached his 83rd year.

Sooth to say, it has been somewhat of a burden to make the slender selections from the many writings of Nicholas Breton within the limits of this small volume. There was ever and anon another and another bit that claimed inclusion, and 'brave transflunary



things' that seemed to cry out against exclusion. It were idle to pretend that he is anything like representatively dealt with herein, either as a warbler of poetic prose or as 'sweet singer' having a distinctive note. But sufficient, I hope, has been selected to send many and many a new student-reader to his Works.

I dare to claim higher recognition for Nicholas Breton than hitherto on the strength of even these inadequate selections. His prose gives us glimpses of England when it was 'Merry England,' alike in gentle and simple, in court and country. I think of the dainty delicacies of a Watteau on china as I read his fresh and well-worded delineations of men and things. Then, even his lightest and slightest pamphlets are weighted with common sense, aptly phrased. I believe most will agree with me that many of the present-day forms of proverbs and proverbial sayings originated with him. Of his lowly, reverent, devout inward life one could hardly say too much. Now and again, monotonously sweet, his sacred verse takes also o' times iridescent hues, and utters out passionate experiences. A chief distinction is his character-painting or word-portraits. No one who will take pains to study his



'No Whippinge' and *Pasquil tractates* will dispute that therein are to be found unacknowledged and hitherto unnoted indebtedness of George Herbert in his 'Temple' to Breton. Some of the quaintest fancies and most aptly put homely counsels of the Parson-poet of Bemerton reflect again and again the earlier poet and thinker. Let the quotations from 'No Whippinge' and 'Pasquil's Madcappe' in these selections bear witness. Similarly, his 'Characters in Essays' and his 'Good and Bad,' beyond all gainsaying, guide us to Thomas Fuller's model in his antithetic 'Thoughts' in 'Good and Bad Times.' I accuse neither of plagiarism; but none the less I wish each had paid tribute to his inspirer. That he was a born singer, a genuine Maker, with imagination and tenderness, his 'Lullaby' alone should attest. It may stand side by side with Robert Greene's—and that means rare excellence. And, after all, is not the Robin-Red-Breast that pipes as immortal as the eagle that soars? or, unmetaphorically, whilst not at all affirming 'great' genius or supreme faculty in Breton, is it not due to one so gifted and so modest, so inevitable and so clear, to keep him in grateful remembrance?



Only one other thing remains to be noticed in this our Introduction, viz., that in the Works (as before) a considerable list is made out of Shakespearian phrases and words that point to Shakespeare's knowledge of Breton's booklets. Perhaps the capable reader will not go unrewarded if he consult these pages (*Works*, vol. i., pp. li.-liv.). I accentuate this here because I for one am willingly persuaded that the 'W. S.' of the commendatory lines before 'Will of Wit' (1599) were by Shakespeare. They must find a place :

AD LECTOREM, DE AUTHORE.

*What shall I say of Gold more than 'tis  
Gold;*

*Or call the diamond more than precious;  
Or praise the man with praises manifold,  
When of himself himself is vertuous?*

*Wit is best Wit, yet such his Wit and Will,  
As proves ill good, or makes good to be ill.*

*Why? what his Wit? proceede and aske  
his Will;*

*Why? what his Will? reade on, and  
learne of Wit;*

*Both good, I gesse, yet each a severall ill;  
This may seem strange to those that heare  
of it;*



*Nay, nere a whit, for vertue many waies  
Is made a vice, yet Vertue hath her praise.*

*Wherefore, O Breton, worthie is thy worke  
Of commendations worthie to be worth;  
Like captious wittes in everie corner lurke,  
A bold attempt it is to set them forth,  
A forme of Wit, and that of such a sort  
As nere offends, for all is said in sport.*

*And such a sport as serves for other kinds,  
Both young and old, for learning, armes and  
love;  
For ladies' humors, mirth and mone he finds,  
With some extreames their patient mindes  
to prove:*

*Well, Breton, write on hard, thou hast the  
thing  
That, when it comes, love, wealth, and fame  
will bring.*

W. S.

Everyone knows that in an age when commendatory verses were the mode Shakespeare neither sought nor gave such. The more remarkable, therefore, that these lines, with the play on Wit and Will and other bewrayals of the 'fine Roman hand,' lend themselves to identification of the initials



*W. S. with William Shakespeare. The only avowed contributions to another's book, it may be added, are his poems given with Sir Robert Chester's 'Love's Martyr' (our edition and the reproduction in New Shakespeare Society).*

*It must be permitted me to close this our small Introduction with our dedicatory sonnet to Edmund W. Gosse, Esq.:*

*Rich-dowered friend, Worthy rich-dower'd  
 I bring  
 To thee, in BRETON; and I have no fear  
 Of chilly welcome, or praise insincere;  
 When thus I ask thee list him lowly sing:  
 True as a wood-bird's is his carolling,  
 And with its pathos too, 'mid branches  
 Jere:  
 And a soft light of Hope, that shineth  
 clear,  
 As when the sun gilds the lark's jarring  
 wing.  
 Nor will it irk thee, now and then to look  
 On old-world pictures of his warbled  
 prose—  
 Quaint talks in green lanes and by fireside  
 nook:  
 For thou art one, who 'mid all culture  
 knows*



*'Tis well to linger in the great days  
olden  
When England's speech and act alike  
were golden.*

*ALEXANDER B. GROSART.*

*St. George's Vestry,  
Blackburn.*









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*Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.*









*HYMN OF ADORATION.*

SOME heavenly Muse come help me sing  
In glory of my Heavenly King ;  
And from some holy angel's wing  
Where graces do for feathers spring,  
Oh, bring my hand one blessèd pen  
To write beyond the reach of men.

Let all the subject be of Grace,  
Where Mercy set in Glory's place,  
Doth stand below the shining Face  
That makes all other beauty base ;  
That heaven and earth may see the  
wonder  
That puts all works and wonders  
under.

Let virtues only set the grounds  
Where Grace but all of glory sounds,



*A Bower of Delights.*

While Mercy heals the spirit's wounds  
Where Faith the fear of Death confounds ;

That heaven and earth may joy to hear

The music of the angel quier. = *choir*

Oh, tell the world no world can tell  
How that joy doth all joys excel ;  
Where blestèd souls set free from hell  
In Mercy do with Glory dwell,  
And with the saints and angels sing  
In glory of their Heavenly King.

Sink not a note beneath the sense  
Of Glory's highest excellence ;  
And keep unto that only sense  
Where heavens have all their honour  
thence,  
That seraphim may clap their wings  
To hear how Grace of Glory sings.

Oh, let the sun in brightness shine,  
And never let the moon decline ;  
And every star his light refine,  
Before that blestèd light divine,  
Of Whom, in Whom, from Whom  
alone,  
They have their shining every one.



Let all the azure sky be clear,  
And not a misty cloud come near ;  
But all that highest light appear,  
Where angels make their merry cheer ;  
And all the troop of heavens may see  
Where all the joys of heaven may be.

Let Phœbus in his brightness stay  
And drive the darksome nights away ;  
And virgins, faints and angels play,  
While martyrs keep high holiday ;  
And all the host of heaven accord  
To sing in glory of the Lord.

Let all the year be Summer's ring,  
And nightingales all birds that sing ;  
And all the fruits that grow or spring  
Be brought unto their glorious King ;  
With all their colours and their sweets,  
Before His feet to strew the streets.

Let honey-dews perfume the air,  
That all may be both sweet and fair ;  
That may with Mercy's leave repair  
Unto the seat of Glory's chair ;  
That everything may fitting fall  
Unto the glory of them all.

Let all the hearts, the souls, the minds,  
That Wisdom unto Virtue binds,



And heeds but of those bleſſèd kinds,  
 That gracious Love in Glory finds ;  
     Agree together all in one,  
     To glorify our God alone.

And when they all in turn are ſet  
 And in their ſweeteſt muſic met,  
 And higheſt ſkill the notes repet, = *repeat*  
 Where grace may higheſt glory get ;  
     My raviſh'd ſoul in mercy then  
     May have but leave to ſing Amen.  
         (*The Soul's Harmony*, 1602.)



*ADVICE, WISELY QUAIN'T  
 AND QUAIN'TLY WISE.*

*The Fool to be let alone.*

Know'ſt thou a fool ? then let him leave  
     his folly,  
 Or be ſo ſtill, and with his humour paſs:  
 What hath thy wit to do with *trolly*  
     *lolly* ?  
 Muſt every wiſe man ride upon an aſs ?  
 Take heed thou mak'ſt not him a look-  
     ing-glaſs



Wherein the world may too apparent  
see,  
By blazing him, to find the fool in  
thee. = *blazoning*  
(*No Whippinge.*)



*So, too, the Villain.\**

Know you a villain? let him find his  
match,  
And show not you a match to villain's  
skill;  
A foolish dog at every cur doth snatch;  
Words have no grace in eloquence of  
ill;  
There is no wrestling with a wicked  
will:  
Let pass the villain with his villainy;  
Make thou thy match with better  
company.  
(*No Whippinge.*)

\* Hit probably at Marston's 'Scourge of Villainy.'





*Gentleness to the Fallen—a Quean.*

Have you acquaintance with some  
wicked quean ?

Give her good words, and do not blaze  
her faults ;

Look in thy soul if it be not unclean,  
And know that Satan all the world  
assaults :

Jacob himself before the angel halts :

Sigh for her sin, but do not call her  
whore ;

But learn of Christ to bid her sin no  
more. *(No Whippinge.)*

*So with the Drunkard.*

Know you a drunkard ? loathe his  
drunkenness,

But do not lay it open to his foes ;

Left, over-rating *his* ungodliness,

You take yourself too soundly by the  
nose ;

Who hurts himself doth give unkindly  
blows :

Wink at each fault and wish it was  
amended,

And think it well that's with repent-  
ance ended. *(No Whippinge.)*



*Even the Miser to be pitied.*

Know you a miser ? let him be so still,  
And let his spirit with his metal melt ;  
Let him alone to die in his own ill,  
And feed not you on that which he  
hath felt :

Be not you girded in so vile a belt :  
Rather pray for him, than so rail  
upon him,  
That all the world may lay their  
curses on him.

*(No Whippinge.)*



*The 'great one.'*

If that a great one have a great defect,  
Let not your thought once touch at such  
a thing ;

Unto superiors ever have respect ;  
A beggar must not look upon a king :  
'Take heed,' I say, is a most blessed  
thing ;

Lest if you run too far in such a fit,  
A fool may hap to hang for lack of  
wit.

*(No Whippinge.)*



*Proverbs.*

Learn English Proverbs, have them well  
by heart,

And count them often on your fingers'  
ends ;

Do not your secrets to the world impart;  
Beware your foes, do not abuse your  
friends ;

Take heed of flatterers as of hellish  
fiends :

Eat up your meat and make clean all  
your platters,

And meddle not with any prince's  
matters.

*(No Whippinge.)*



*GEORGE HERBERT'S 'TEMPLE'  
LONG ANTICIPATED.\**

*Life and Conduct.*

Read what is written on the painted  
cloth ;

Do no man wrong, be good unto the  
poor ;

\* See our Introduction.



Beware the Mouſe, the Maggot and the  
Moth ;

And ever have an eye unto the door :

Truſt not a fool, a villain, nor a whore :

Go neat, not gay, and ſpend but as  
you ſpare ;

And turn the colt to paſture with the  
mare.

Be not a churl nor yet exceed in cheer ;

Hold faſt thine own, pay truly what  
thou oweſt ;

Sell not too cheap and do not buy too  
dear :

Tell but to few what ſecret e'er thou  
knoweſt,

And take good heed to whom, and what  
thou ſheweſt :

Love God, thyſelf, thy wife, thy  
children, friend ;

Neighbour and ſervant—and ſo make  
an end.

Believe no news till they be nine days  
old,

Nor then too much, although the print  
approve them ;

Miſtake not droſs for perfect Indian gold ;



Nor make friends gods ; but as you find  
them, love,  
And as you know them, keep them or  
remove :  
Beware of beauty and affect no flut ;  
And 'ware the worm before ye crack  
the nut.

Be neither proud, nor envious, nor un-  
chaste,  
Lest all too late, repentance overtake  
you ;  
And take good heed how you your  
wealth do waste,  
Lest fools do scoff you and your friends  
forsake ;  
And then the beggar by the shoulders  
shake you :  
Give unto all that ask ; nor askers, all ;  
And take heed how you climb, for  
fear you fall.

Do well, be true, backbite no man, be  
just ;  
The Duck, the Drake, the Owl do  
teach you so ;  
Speak what you think, but no more  
than you must,  
Lest unawares you make your friend  
your foe :



Be wary, says the Crane, be wise, the  
Crow :

Be gentle, humble, courteous, meek  
and mild ;

And you shall be your mother's blessed  
child. . . .

Have all the week a pen behind your ear,  
And wear your sword on Sundays, 'tis  
enough ;

Be not too venturous nor too full of fear,  
Nor stand too much upon a double ruff ;  
For fear a falling-band give you the  
cuff.

Know well your horse before you  
fall to ride,

And bid God blefs the bridegroom  
and the bride.

*(No Whippinge.)*



*AGLAIA—A PASTORAL.*

Sylvan Muses, can ye sing  
Of the beauty of the Spring ?  
Have ye seen on earth that fun  
That a heavenly course hath run ?  
Have ye liv'd to see those eyes  
Where the pride of beauty lies ?



*A Bower of Delights.*

Have ye heard that heavenly voice  
That may make Love's heart rejoice ?  
Have ye seen Aglaia, she  
Whom the world may joy to see ?  
If ye have not seen all these,  
Then ye do but labour leese ;       = *lose*  
While ye tune your pipes to play  
But an idle roundelay ;  
And in sad Discomfort's den  
Everyone go bite her pen ;  
That she cannot reach the skill  
How to climb that blessed hill,  
Where Aglaia's fancies dwell,  
Where exceedings do excell,  
And in simple truth confess  
She is that fair shepherdess  
To whom fairest flocks a-field  
Do their service duly yield :  
On whom never Muse hath gazèd  
But in musing is amazèd ;  
Where the honour is too much  
For their highest thoughts to touch ;  
Thus confess, and get ye gone  
To your places every one ;  
And in silence only speak  
When ye find your speech too weak.  
Blessèd be Aglaia yet,  
Though the Muses die for it ;  
Come abroad, ye blessèd Muses,



Ye that Pallas chiefly chooses,  
When she would command a creature  
In the honour of Love's nature.  
For the sweet Aglaia fair  
All to sweeten all the air,  
Is abroad this blessed day ;  
Haste ye, therefore, come away :  
And to kill Love's maladies  
Meet her with your melodies.

Flora hath been all about,  
And hath brought her wardrobe out ;  
With her fairest, sweetest flowers,  
All to trim up all your bowers.

Bid the shepherds and their swains  
See the beauty of their plains ;  
And command them with their flocks  
To do reverence on the rocks ;  
Where they may so happy be  
As her shadow but to see :  
Bid the birds in every bush,  
Not a bird to be at hush :  
But to fit, and chirp and sing  
To the beauty of the Spring :  
Call the sylvan nymphs together,  
Bid them bring their musics hither :  
Trees their barky silence break,  
Crack yet, though they cannot speak.  
Bid the purest, whitest swan  
Of her feathers make her fan ;



*A Bower of Delights.*

Let the hound the hare go chase ;  
 Lambs and rabbits run at base ;  
 Flies be dancing in the sun,  
 While the silk-worm's webs are spun ;  
 Hang a fish on every hook  
 As she goes along the brook ;  
 So with all your sweetest powers  
 Entertain her in your bowers ;  
 Where her ear may joy to hear  
 How ye make your sweetest quire ;  
 And in all your sweetest vein,  
 Still Aglaia strike her strain ;  
 But when she her walk doth turn,  
 Then begin as fast to mourn ;  
 All your flowers and garlands wither,  
 Put up all your pipes together ;  
 Never strike a pleasing strain  
 Till she come abroad again.

*(The Passionate Shepherd.)*



*ANOTHER PASTORAL—  
 AGLAIA.*

Who can live in heart so glad  
 As the merry country lad ?  
 Who upon a fair green baulk      = *bank*  
 May at pleasure sit and walk ?



And amid the azure skies  
See the morning sun arise !  
While he hears in every spring = *fount*  
How the birds do chirp and sing ;  
Or before the hounds in cry  
See the hares go stealing by ;  
Or along the shallow brook  
Angling with a baited hook,  
See the fishes leap and play  
In a blessed sunny day ;  
Or to hear the partridge call  
Till she have her covey all ;  
Or to see the subtle fox,  
How the villain plies the box :  
After feeding on his prey  
How he closely sneaks away,  
Through the hedge and down the  
furrow,  
Till he gets into his burrow ;  
Then the bee to gather honey ;  
And the little black-hair'd coney  
On a bank for sunny place  
With her fore-feet wash her face :  
Are not these worth thousands more =  
*more*  
Than the courts of kings do know ?  
The true pleasing spirits' rights  
That may breed true Love's delights ;  
But with all thy happiness



To behold that shepherdess  
To whose eyes all shepherds yield  
All the fairest of the field :  
Fair Aglaia, in whose face  
Lives the shepherds' highest grace ;  
In whose worthy wonder's praise  
See what her true shepherd says :  
She is neither proud nor fine,  
But in spirit most divine ;  
She can neither lour nor leer,  
But a sweeting, smiling cheer ;  
She had never painted face,  
But a sweeter, smiling grace ;  
She can never love dissemble,  
Truth doth so her thoughts assemble,  
That when wisdom guides her will  
She is kind and constant still ;  
All in sum, she is this creature  
Of that truest comfort's nature  
That doth shew (but in exceedings)  
How their praises had their breedings ;  
Let then poets fain their pleasure,  
In their fictions of Love's treasure ;  
Proud high spirits seek their graces  
In their ideal painted faces ;  
Thy love's spirits' lowliness  
In affection's humbleness ;  
Under heav'n no happiness  
Seeks, but in this Shepherdess.



For whose sake I say and swear  
By the passions that I bear,  
Had I got a kingly grace,  
I would leave my kingly place,  
And in heart be truly glad  
To become a country lad ;  
Hard to lie and go full bare,  
And to feed on hungry fare ;  
So I might but live to be,  
Where I might but sit to see  
Once a day, or all day long,  
The sweet subject of my song ;  
In Aglaia's only eyes  
All my worldly Paradise.

*(The Passionate Shepherd.)*



*ANGLER—1597.*

Among the walks of the weary, where  
liberty and air are the best comforts of  
the forlorn spirits of the world, it was  
the hap of a poor Scholar (who, feeding  
his imagination with the persuasions of  
contemplation, making his passage down  
a falling piece of ground somewhat near  
unto a little hill, fast by a river side,  
whose streams seemed to slide along the



banks of a lower platform) to espy a human creature standing upright and holding out his arm over the water ; whom approaching unto somewhat near and finding to be an ANGLER, he saluted in this manner : True figure of Patience, no offence to your conceit, how might it fare with your cold exercise ? The fisherman (as it might appear by his answer) being better trained in the variety of understanding than could be contained within the compass of a casting-net, upon the sudden made him this reply :

Shadow of intelligence

To stay your further eloquence,

when fools gape for flies, mad men may go a-fishing. Oh, Sir (quoth the Scholar), I pray you enter not into choler with them that meant not to trouble your better humour ; but rather do me the favour to instruct me in the reason that might lead you into this loathing labour, than to take me up for halting as I come at my journey's end. I promise you I was half afraid that Ovid's tales would have fallen out true, and that Narcissus, or some of his



kindred, had been so in love with their own shadow that he could not go from the river side ; but coming near and finding the deceit of my imagination, confessing my folly, I am to crave your kindness in a little conference touching the profit of this cold pleasure and what may be the fish that you angle for with a fly. Sir, quoth the fisherman, to turn wit into choler is such a piece of alchemy as I never found written in the true rules of philosophy ; and to tell truth, as I remember when I went to the school of understanding, I found this a sentence of discretion. It is but a trifling of wit to be troubling of humours ; but since you crave a favourable instruction in a matter of small importance, being persuaded that your haste is not great nor affairs weighty, if you will sit down and bear me company, we will feed the air with a little breath. My good friend, quoth the Scholar, (for so I be glad to find you), to confess a truth, neither is my haste such but I may stay well if not too long to your liking ; neither my affairs of such import but that I may put them off for a time, to enjoy the benefit of your good



company. Then, Sir, quoth the fisherman, let me tell you I sit here, as you see, angling for a fish, and my bait a fly : for little fishes, as bleaks [= *blay*, *small water fish*, *roaches*], and such like, a fly will serve the turn ; but for greater fishes, we must find out greater baits ; and with these flies we catch such small fish as serve to bait our hooks for greater fishes. Now if you can apply this figure to a good sense, I will hold you for a good scholar in ciphering.

(*Wit's Trenchmour.\**)



### *Art in Fishing.*

Some fishes there are that keep altogether in the deep, and they we must angle for with a worm : now to this

\* Curiously enough, of the superabundant annotators of Izaak Walton, none seems to have known this brilliant little piscatory book of Breton. The late Mr. J. Payne Collier warned his readers that the 'angler' was not a 'fisher'—proving that, as too frequently, he had not seen the actual book, or at least not read it. The following is its (abridged) title page : 'Wits Trenchmour in a Conference had betwixt a Scholler and an Angler. . . . 1597.'



worm we must have a line of hair as near as we can of such a colour as may best please the eye of the fish to play with. Now to the line we must have a plummet, which must guide the bait to the bottom, which drawing now and then up and down, at length so pleaseth the fish, as venturing upon the bait answers the hope of our labour. Now what think you of this figure? Truly, Sir, quoth the Scholar, I think that when wit is led away with humours reason may be entangled in repentance, and the pleasing of the eye is such a plague to the heart that the worm of conscience brings ignorance to destruction, while in the Sea of Iniquity, the devil angleth for his desires.

(*Ibid.*)



### *The Trout.*

The Fisherman, smiling at this answer, fell to him with another piece of angling in this manner. We have, quoth he, a kind of fly made only of filk, which we make our bait for a fish called a TROUT ; with which we often deceive the foolish



thing as well as with the fly itself.  
 Alas, Sir ! quoth the Scholar, this shows  
 but the vile course of the world, where  
 wit, finding out a fool, feeds his fancy  
 with such illusions as makes him some-  
 times lose himself with looking after a  
 shadow : as words are without substance  
 when they are laid for easy believers.  
*(Ibid.)*



*‘A LITTLE BRIEF AUTHORITY.’*

Let but a fellow in a fox-furr’d gown,  
 A greasy night-cap and a drivell’d  
 beard,  
 Grow but the bailiff of a fisher-town,  
 And have a matter ’fore him to be  
 heard ;  
 Will not his frown make half a street  
 afear’d ?  
 Yea, and the greatest cod’s-head  
 gape for fear,  
 He shall be swallow’d by this ugly  
 bear.

Look but on beggars going to the stocks,  
 How Master constable can march  
 before them ;



And while the beadle maketh fast the  
locks,

How bravely he can knave them and  
bewhore them,

And not afford one word of pity for  
them :

When it may be poor honest silly  
people

Must make the church make curtfey  
to the steeple.

Note but the beadle of a beggars'  
'Spittle, *= hospital*

How (in his place) he can himself  
advance ;

And will not of his title lose a tittle,

If any matter come in variance

To try the credit of his countenance :

For whatsoever the poor beggars say,

His is the word must carry all away.

Why, let a beggar but on cockhorse fit,

Will he not ride like an ill-favour'd  
king ?

And will it not amaze a poor man's wit

That cuckoos teach the nightingale to  
sing ?

Oh, this same Wealth is such a wicked  
thing,



'Twill teach an owl in time to speak  
true Latin,  
And make a friar forswear our  
Lady's matin.

*(Pasquil's Madcappe.)*



*Other Word-etchings of Same.*

Take but a peasant newly from the cart,  
That only lives by puddings, beans,  
and pease ;

Who never learnèd any other art  
But how to drive his cattle to the leas,  
And after work, to rest and take his  
ease ;

Yet put this ass into a golden hide  
He shall be groom unto a handsome  
bride.

Take but a rascal with a roguish pate,  
Who can but only keep a Counting-  
book ;

Yet if his reck'ning grow to such a rate,  
That he can angle for the golden  
hook ;

However so the matter be mistook,  
If he can clearly cover his deceit,  
He may be held a man of deep  
conceit.



Find out a villain, born and bred a knave,  
That never knew where honesty  
became ;  
A drunken rascal and a doggèd slave,  
That all his wits to wickedness doth  
frame,  
And only lives in infamy and shame ;  
Yet let him tink upon the golden  
pan,  
His word may pass yet for an honest  
man.

Why, take a Fiddler but with half an  
eye,  
Who never knew if *ela* were a note ;  
And can but play a round as hey-do-gey  
And that perhaps he only hath by rote ;  
Which now and then may hap to get a  
groat :  
Yet if his Crowde he set with silver  
studs  
The other minstrels may go chew  
their cuds.

*(Pasquil's Madcappe.)*





*BEAUTY.*

Pretty twinkling starry eyes,  
 How did Nature first devise  
 Such a sparkling in your sight  
 As to give Love such delight,  
 As to make him, like a fly,  
 Play with looks until he die ?  
 Sure ye were not made at first  
 For such mischief to be curst ;  
 As to kill Affection's care  
 That doth only truth declare ;  
 Where Worth's wonders never wither,  
 Love and Beauty live together.  
 Blessed eyes, then give your blessing,  
 That in passion's best expressing ;  
 Love that only lives to grace ye,  
 May not suffer pride deface ye ;  
 But in gentle thought's directions  
 Show the power of your perfections.  
*(Passionate Shepherd.)*

*CAVIARE* [1597].

Another of the 'fine dishes' . . . .  
 a great lady sent . . . . was a little  
 barrel of *caviary* ; which was no sooner



opened and tasted, but quickly made up again, and was sent back with this message : ' Commend me to my good lady, and thank her honour, and tell her we have black soap enough already ; but if it be any better thing, I beseech her ladyship to bestow it upon a better friend that can better tell how to use it.' Now, if such be your fine dishes, I pray you let me alone with my country fare.

*(The Courtier and the Countrymen.)*

[Explains Shakespeare's '*caviare* to the general,' 'Hamlet,' iv., sc. 2.]



## WORD-PORTRAITS OF CHARACTERS.

### *A Worthy Lawyer.*

A worthy Lawyer is the student of knowledge, how to bring controversies into a conclusion of peace and out of ignorance to gain understanding. He divides time into uses and cases into constructions. He lays open obscurities, and is praised for the speech of truth, and in the court of Conscience pleads



much *in forma pauperis*, for small fees. He is a mean for the preservation of titles and the holding of possessions, and a great instrument of peace in the judgment of Impartiality. He is the client's hope, in his case's pleading, and his heart's comfort in a happy issue. He is the finder out of tricks in the craft of ill conscience and the joy of the distressed in the relief of justice. In sum, he is a maker of peace among the spirits of contention and a continuer of quiet in the execution of the law.

*(Good and Bad.)*



*An Unworthy Lawyer.*

An unlearned and unworthily called a Lawyer, is the figure of a foot-post, who carries letters, but knows not what is in them, only can read the superscriptions to direct them to their right owners. So trudgeth this simple clerk, that can scarce read a case when it is written, with his handfull of papers, from one Court to another and from one Counsellor's chamber to another, when by his good payment for his pains,



he will be so faucy as to call himself a Solicitor. But what a taking are poor clients in when this too-much-trusted cunning companion, better read in 'Pierce Ploughman' than in 'Ployden' and in the Play of 'Richard the Third' than in the Pleas of Edward the Fourth, persuades them all is sure when he is sure of all ! and in what a misery are the poor men when upon a *nihil dicit*, because, indeed, this poor fellow *nihil potest dicere*, they are in danger of an execution before they know wherefore they are condemned ! But I wish all such more wicked than witty unlearned in the Law and abusers of the same, to look a little better into their consciences and to leave their crafty courses, lest when the Law indeed lays them open, instead of carrying papers in their hands they wear not papers on their heads, and instead of giving ear to their clients' causes, or rather eyes into their purses, they have ne'er an ear left to hear withal, nor good eye to see withal ; or at least honest face to look out withal ; but as the grasshoppers of Egypt, be counted the caterpillars of England, and not the fox that stole the goose, but the



great fox that stole the farm from the gander.

(*Good and Bad.*)



*An Honest Man.*

An honest man is like a plain coat, which without welt [=fold] or guard, keepeth the body from wind and weather, and being well made fits him best that wears it ; and where the stuff is more regarded than the fashion, there is not much ado in the putting of it on. So, the mind of an honest man, without trick or compliments, keeps the credit of a good conscience from the scandal of the World and the worm of Iniquity ; which being wrought by the Workman of Heaven, fits him best that wears it to His service ; and where Virtue is more esteemed than Vanity, it is put on and worn with that ease that shows the excellency of the Workman. His study is virtue, his word truth, his life the passage of patience, and his death the rest of the spirit. His travel is a pilgrimage, his way is plainness, his pleasure peace, and his delight is love.



His care is his conscience, his wealth is his credit, his charge is his charity, and his content is his kingdom. In sum, he is a diamond among jewels, a phoenix among lords, an unicorn among beasts, and a saint among men.

*(Good and Bad.)*



*A Worthy Physician.*

A worthy physician is the enemy of sickness, in purging nature from corruption. His action is most in feeling of pulses and his discourse chiefly of the nature of diseases. He is a great searcher out of simples, and accordingly makes his composition. He persuades to abstinence and patience for the benefit of health, while purging and bleeding are the chief courses of his counsel. The Apothecary and the Chirurgeon are his two chief attendants, with whom conferring upon time, he grows temperate in his cures. Surfeits and wantonness are great agents for his employment, when, by the secret of his skill out of others' weakness he gathers his own strength. In sum, he is a necessary



member for an unnecessary malady, to find a disease and to cure the diseased.

*(Good and Bad.)*



*An Unworthy Physician.*

An unlearned and so unworthy Physician is a kind of horse-leech, whose cure is most in drawing of blood and a desperate purge, either to cure or to kill as it hits. His discourse is most of the cures that he hath done, and them afar off; and not a recipe under a hundred pounds, though it be not worth three half-pence. Upon the market-day he is much haunted with urinals; where, if he find anything (though he know nothing), yet he will say somewhat; which, if it hit to some purpose, with a few fustian words he will seem a piece of strange stuff. He is never without old merry tales and stale jests to make old folks laugh, and comfits and plums in his pocket to please little children; yea, and he will be talking of complexions, though he know nothing of their dispositions; and if his medicine do a feat, he is a made man among



fools. But, being wholly unlearned and oftentimes dishonest, let me thus briefly describe him. He is a plain kind of mountebank and a true quack-raker; a danger for the sick to deale withal and a dizard [=fool, light-headed] in the world to talk withal.

*(Good and Bad.)*

*A Worthy Merchant.*

A worthy merchant is the heir of adventure, whose hopes hang much upon wind. Upon a wooden horse he rides through the world, and in a merry gale makes a path through the seas. He is a discoverer of countries and a finder out of commodities, resolute in his attempts and royal in his expenses. He is the life of traffic and the maintainer of trade, the sailor's master and the soldier's friend. He is the exercise of the Exchange, the honour of Credit, the observation of Time, and the understanding of Thrift. His study is Number, his care his accounts, his comfort his conscience,



and his wealth his good name. He fears not Scylla and sails close by Charybdis, and having beaten out a storm, rides at rest in a harbour. By his sea-gain he makes his land-purchase, and by the knowledge of trade finds the key of his treasure. Out of his travels he makes his discourses, and from his eye-observations brings the models of architectures. He plants the earth with foreign fruits, and knows at home what is good abroad. He is neat in apparel, modest in demeanour, dainty in diet and civil in his carriage. In sum, he is the pillar of a city, the enricher of a country, the furnisher of a Court, and the worthy servant of a King.

*(Good and Bad.)*



*A Coward.*

A coward is the child of Fear. He was begotten in cold blood, when Nature had much ado to make up a creature like a man. His life is a kind of sickness, which breeds a kind of palsy in the joints, and his death the terror of



his conscience with the extreme weakness of his faith. He loves peace as his life, for he fears a sword in his soul. If he cut his finger he looketh presently for the sign, and if his head ache he is ready to make his will. A report of a cannon strikes him flat on his face, and a clap of thunder makes him a strange *metamorphosis*. Rather than he will fight he will be beaten, and if his legs will help him he will put his arms to no trouble. He makes love commonly with his purse, and brags most of his maiden-head. He will not marry but into a quiet family, and not too fair a wife, to avoid quarrels. If his wife frown upon him he sighs, and if she give him an unkind word he weeps. He loves not the horns of a bull, nor the paws of a bear ; and if a dog bark he will not come near the house. If he be rich he is afraid of thieves, and if he be poor he will be slave to a beggar. In sum, he is the shame of manhood, the disgrace of Nature, the scorn of reason, and the hate of honour.

*(Good and Bad.)*





*A Drunkard.*

A Drunkard is a noun adjective ; for he cannot stand alone by himself ; yet in his greatest weakness a great trier of strength, whether health or sickness will have the upper hand in a surfeit. He is a spectacle of deformity, and a shame of Humanity ; a view of Sin and a grief of Nature. He is the annoyance of Modesty and the trouble of Civility, the spoil of Wealth and the spite of Reason. He is only the Brewer's agent and the ale-house benefactor ; the beggar's companion and the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe, his children's sorrow, his neighbour's scoff, and his own shame. In sum, he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man.

*(Good and Bad.)*

*An Untrained Soldier.*

An untrained Soldier is like a young hound, that when he first falls to hunt he knows not how to lay his nose to the earth ; who having his name put in a



book, and marched twice about a market-place, when he comes to a piece of service knows not how to bestow himself. He marches as if he were at plough, carries his pike like a pikestaff, and his sword before him for fear of losing from his side. If he be a shot, he will be rather ready to say a grace over his piece, and so to discharge his hands of it, than to learn how to discharge it with a grace. He puts on his armour over his ears like a waistcoat, and wears his murrian [= *morion* or *helmet*] like a nightcap. When he is quartered in the field he looks for his bed, and when he sees his provant [= *provisions*] he is ready to cry for his victuals ; and ere he know well where he is, wishes heartily he were at home again, with hanging down his head as if his heart were in his hose. He will sleep till a drum or a deadly bullet awake him ; and so carry himself in all companies, that till martial discipline have seasoned his understanding, he is like a cipher among figures, an owl among birds, a wise man among fools, and a shadow among men.

(*Good and Bad.*)



*JESUS CHRIST.*

He came from high to live with me  
below ;

He gave me life and shewed me  
greatest love ;

Unworthy I so high a worth to know  
Who left chief bliss a baser choice to  
prove ;

I saw His wounds, yet did I not be-  
lieve Him,

And for His goodness with my sins did  
grieve Him.

I saw Him faultless, yet I did offend  
Him ;

I saw Him wrong'd, yet did not excuse  
Him ;

I saw His foes, yet fought not to defend  
Him ;

I had His blessings, yet I did abuse Him.  
But was it mine, or my forefather's  
deed ?

Whose'er it was, it makes my heart to  
bleed.

To see the feet that travelled for our  
good ;

To see the hands that brake the lively  
bread ;

= *living*



To see the head, whereon our honour  
stood ;

To see the fruit, whereon our spirits  
fed ;

Feet pierc'd, hands bor'd, and His  
head all bleeding ;

Who doth not die with such a sorrow  
reading ?

He plac'd all rest, yet had no resting-  
place ;

He heal'd each pain, yet liv'd in fore  
distress ;

Deserv'd all good, yet driven to great  
disgrace ;

Gave all hearts joy, Himself in heavi-  
ness ;

Suffer'd them live, by whom Himself  
was slain ;

Lord, who can live to see such love  
again ?

A Virgin's child by Virtue's power  
conceiv'd ;

A harmless man that lived for all men's  
good ;

A faithful friend that never faith  
deceiv'd ;

An heavenly fruit for heart's especial  
food ;



A spirit all of excellence divine ;  
Such is the essence of this love of  
mine.

Whose mansion's heaven, yet lay within  
a manger ;

Who gave all food, yet suck'd a virgin's  
breast ;

Who could have kill'd, yet fled a  
threaten'd danger ;

Who sought our quiet by His own  
unrest ;

Who died for them that highly did  
offend Him ;

And lives for them that cannot com-  
prehend Him.

Who came no further than His Father  
sent Him,

And did fulfil but what He did command  
Him ;

Who pray'd for them that proudly did  
torment Him,

For telling truth to what they did  
demand Him ;

Who did all good that humbly did  
entreat Him,

And bear their blows that did un-  
kindly beat Him.

*(The Countesse of Penbrook's [Pen-  
broke's] Passion.)*



*Only Christ.*

Thus would I spend in service of my  
God,  
The ling'ring hours of these few days  
of mine,  
To show how sin and death are over-  
trod,  
But by the virtue of the Power  
divine ;  
Our thoughts but vain, our substance  
slime and dust,  
And only Christ for our Eternal  
Trust.

*(I would and I would not.)*



*CHRISTMAS CAROL.*

A gentleman being on Christmas Eve  
in a very solitary place, among very  
solemn company, where was but small  
cheer, less mirth, and least music, being  
very earnestly entreated to sing a  
Christmas Carol, with much ado sang as  
followeth :

Now Christmas draweth near, and most  
men make good cheer,  
With heigh-ho, care away !



I, like a sickly mome, in drowsy dumps  
at home,  
Will naught but fast and pray.

Some sing and dance for life, some card  
and dice as rife,  
Some use old Christmas games ;  
But I, oh wretched wight ! in dole both  
day and night  
Must dwell ; the world so frames.

In Court what pretty toys, what fine and  
pleasant joys,  
To pass the time away !  
In country naught but care ; four  
cheese-curds chiefest fare ;  
For wine a bowl of whey.

For every dainty dish, of flesh or else of  
fish,  
And for your drink in Court,  
A dish of young fried frogs, sod houghs of  
mezled hogs,       = *meazled, diseased*  
A cup of small-tap wort.

And for each courtly fight, each show  
that may delight  
The eye or else the mind ;  
In country thorns and brakes, and many  
miry lakes,  
Is all the good you find.



## *A Bower of Delights.*

43

And for fine enteries, halls, chambers,  
galleries,  
And lodgings many moe ;  
Here desert woods and plains, where no  
delight remains,  
To walk in to and fro.

In Court, for to be short, for every  
pretty sport  
That may the heart delight ;  
In country many a grief, and small or  
no relief,  
To aid the wounded wight.

And in this desert place, I, wretch ! in  
woful case,  
This merry Christmas time,  
Content myself perforce to rest my  
careful corse,  
And so I end my rime.

(*A Flourish upon Fancy, 1577.*)



## *ANOTHER CHRISTMAS SONG.*

In the latter end of Christmas the  
same gentleman was likewise desired to  
sing ; and, although against his will, was  
content to sing as followeth :



The Christmas now is past, and I have  
kept my fast,  
With prayer every day ;  
And, like a country clown, with nod-  
ding up and down,  
Have passed the time away.

As for old Christmas games, or dancing  
with fine dames,  
Or shows, or pretty plays ;  
A solemn oath I swear, I came not  
where they were,  
Not all these holy-days.

I did not sing one note, except it were  
by rote,  
Still buzzing like a bee ;  
To ease my heavy heart of some though  
little smart,  
For want of other glee.

And as for pleasant wine, there was no  
drink so fine,  
For to be tasted here ;  
Full simple was my fare, if that I should  
compare,  
The same to Christmas cheer.

I saw no kind of sight that might my  
mind delight,  
Believe me, noble dame ;



But everything I saw did fret at woe  
my maw,

To think upon the same.

Upon some bushy balk full fain I was  
to walk,

In woods, from tree to tree,

For want of better room ; but since my  
fatal doom

Hath so appointed me ;

I stood therewith content, the Christ-  
mas full was spent,

In hope that God will send

A better yet next year, my heavy heart  
to cheer ;

And so I make an end.

(*Ibid.*)



*THE CITY OF GOD (DE CIVI-  
TATE DEI) OR HEAVENLY  
JERUSALEM.*

And on they walk, until anon they came  
Unto a CHURCH,—not built of lime or  
stone,

But that true Church of that immortal  
fame

That is world's wonder, and heaven's  
love alone :



Whose head is Christ, whose martyrs are  
His pillars,  
And all whose members, are His Word's  
well-willers.

The gate is Grace, Contrition is the  
key ;  
The lock is Love, the porter Peni-  
tence ;  
Where humble Faith must heavenly  
favour stay  
Till Pity talk with Virtue's patience :  
While angels' sighs the sinner's way  
devise,  
To have his entrance into Paradise.

Which is indeed the plot of all perfec-  
tion,  
Drawn by the compass of divine con-  
ceit ;  
Whose line is life laid by His love's  
direction,  
Who makes all flesh upon the spirit  
wait ;  
Whose flowers are fruits of Faith's  
eternal favour,  
Sweet to the soul in ever-living favour.



Now in this ground doth live this  
glorious King,  
Of Mercy's life amidst the fire of  
Love ;

Who, as the sun doth cause the flowers  
to spring,  
So, by His fire, makes Faith her com-  
fort prove ;

When heavenly Truth doth Virtue's  
root so nourish,  
That her fair flowers shall grow and  
ever flourish.

Now here the herbs, were wholesome  
sentences,  
Which purge the heart of every idle  
thought ;

And for each grass, a grace of wit and  
senses,

By heavenly blessing from the spirit  
brought :

In midst whereof the Well of Life doth  
spring,

About the which the angels sit and  
sing.

Here is the light that makes the sun to  
shine ;

Here is the brightness of the morning  
light ;



Here is the sun that never doth decline ;  
Here is the day that never hath a  
night ;  
Here is the hope of everlasting blifs,  
And comfort, that beyond all knowledge  
is.

Here never weed had ever power to  
grow,  
Nor ever worm could make an herb  
to wither ;  
But in the path where all perfections go,  
Virtue and Nature kindly went to-  
gether ;  
And heavenly dews did all the fruits so  
cherish  
That neither fruit, nor herb, nor flower  
could perish.

Here never sorrow for the thought of  
losses ;  
Here ever labour and yet never  
weary ;  
Here never fear of any fatal crosses ;  
Here never mourning and here ever  
merry ;  
Here never hunger, thirst, nor heat nor  
cold ;  
But take enough, and still the store doth  
hold.



Here is the sky, the sun, the moon and  
stars,  
Set for a dial by the heaven's direc-  
tion ;

Here never cloud their brightest shining  
bars,  
But show their brightness in their best  
perfection ;

Here is in sum the sweetest light of all,  
From which all lights have their original.

Here never foot of wicked Pride pre-  
sum'd,

But is excluded heavenly Paradise ;  
Here is the air with sweetest sweets per-  
fum'd,

While sinners' sighs is blest sacrifice :  
When faithful souls in angels' arms  
embraced

Are in the eye of glorious favour graced.

Here are the virgins playing, angels  
singing ;

The saints rejoicing and the martyrs  
joying ;

Here sacred comforts to the conscience  
springing,

And no one thought of discontent  
annoying ;



Here hurt was none and fear of death  
is never,  
But here is love and here is life for ever.

Here Sorrow's tears do quench the heart  
of Sin ;  
And fire of Love doth kindle life again ;  
Here doth the ground of glory first  
begin,  
And here is Virtue in her brightest  
vein :  
Here is in sum the state of Honour's  
story,  
And of all goodness the eternal glory.

And here is, lo, that Heavenly Paradise,  
Whereto the Pilgrim made his Pil-  
grimage ;  
Where sacred Mercy first did solemnize  
The spirit to be flesh in marriage ;  
And here the heart did find his spirit  
blest,  
To bring the senses to eternal rest.  
*(Pilgrimage of Paradise.)*





*ELIZABETHAN-JACOBEAN  
CLERGY—1603.*

Give me leave a little. Some take upon them to be Divines which only make the name of God a cloak for their knavery. But these may rather be called lurch-men than Church-men, who, as they are not troubled with much learning, so they have no more honesty than they may well away withal. But these who take eleven for tenths, and yet can scarce read any other names than are written in their Easter-books, is it not pity but their places were taken away from them, and given to them that could and would take more careful pains in them?

*(A Mad World, my Masters.)*

*Parson.*

It was my hap in a little field near unto a Church in a country town to overtake a little old man in a gown, a wide cassock, a night-cap, and a corner-cap, by his habit seeming to be a Divine; of whom I was in hope to find that



sacred fount of charity, that might be some comfort on my return ; whom beginning to salute with a few Latin words, My friend, quoth he, do not deceive yourself, I understand not your Greek ; we here that dwell far from the City, and are not troubled with fine ears to our reading, care for no more but to discharge our duties in our places—I mean of a Vicar, for I am no better. The Parson is a man of greater place and of fair possessions, who dwelleth a great way hence, and therefore seldom comes into this country. I use twice a year to bring here his rent and perhaps a couple of capons against Christmas for my landlady, and that is as much as they look for. And for my parishioners, they are a kind of people that love a pot of ale better than a pulpit, and a corn-rick better than a church-door ; who, coming to divine service more for fashion than devotion, are contented after a little capping and kneeling, coughing and spitting, to help me to sing out a psalm, and sleep at the second lesson, or awake to stand up at the Gospel and say Amen at the ‘fear of God’ ; and stay till the banns of matri-



mony be asked, or till the clerk hath cried a pied stray bullock, a black sheep, or a gray mare ; and then for that some dwell far off, be glad to be gotten home to dinner. Now, we that have no more living than will hardly serve to keep a poor home, are not in case, God help us, to do anything for our poorer brethren ; and therefore, my good friend, trouble us not with other speech than we understand, lest if you come before the constable, he take you for some conjurer, and so bring yourself to some trouble, which I would be sorry to see ; for truly you seem a handsome man. God hath done his part for you ; God be with you.

*(A Mad World, my Masters.)*



### COUNTRY FOLKS—1618.

At our meetings on the holidays between our lads and the wenches, such true mirth at honest meetings, such dancing on the green, in the market-house, or about the May-pole, where the young folks smiling kifs at every



turning, and the old folks checking with laughing at their children, when dancing for the garland, playing at stool-ball for a tanfie and a banquet of curds and cream, with a cup of old nappy ale ; matter of small charge, with a little reward of the Piper, after casting of sheep's eyes and faith and troth for a bargain, clapping of hands are seals to the truth of hearts, when a pair of gloves and a handkerchief are as good as the best obligation, with a cap and a curtsy ; here ye have maids to milking, and so merrily goes the day away. Again we have hay in the barn, horses in the stable, oxen in the stall, sheep in the pen, hogs in the sty, corn in the garner, cheese in the loft, milk in the dairy, cream in the pot, butter in the dish, ale in the tub, *aqua vitæ* in the bottle, beef in the brine, brawn in the soufe, bacon in the roof, herbs in the garden, water at our doors, whole clothes to our backs, some money in our coffers ; and having all this, if we have God withal, what in God's name can we desire to have more ?

*(Courtier and Countryman.)*



*WISE COUNSELS.*

Let not a shaft, a bowl, a card nor die,  
Take up thy rent a year before the  
day ;

A parrot's feathers, nor a falcon's eye,  
Make thee too fast to throw thy  
wealth away ;  
Lest '*had I wist*' do keep fool's holy-  
day :

Esteem a horse according to his  
pace,  
But lose no wages on a wild-  
goose chase.

Tear not thy throat with holloing to  
hounds,

Nor ride thy horse to death to seek a  
hawk :

Spoil not thine eyes with levelling of  
grounds,

Nor bar thine honest neighbour of  
his walk ;

But take no pleasure with a fool to talk ;  
But hearken to the shepherds  
what they fain,\*

Both of the sunshine and a  
shower of rain.

\* = to say. Cf. Raleigh, 'Yet what is love,  
good shepherd, sain?'



Feed not too gross, and drink not over-  
much ;

The sparing diet is the spirit's feast :\*  
The pitch and tar are dangerous to  
touch,

And want of reason makes a man a  
beast :

Of forcèd evils ever choose the least.

Be warnèd by a little from the  
more,

And take heed of an inward  
bleeding fore.

Wound not the conscience of a woful  
heart,

Nor take delight in doing injury ;  
But ease the sick of his consuming smart,  
And keep the poor man in his  
memory ;

So live, so die ; so live and never die ;  
Relieve thy friend, but not with  
all thou hast,

Left thou be driven to seek to  
him in fast.

*(The Mother's Blessing.)*

\* Cf. 'Il Penseroso'—'Spare fast that oft  
with gods doth diet.'





*COUNTRY PLAYERS.*

Tell country Players, that old paltry  
jefts,

Pronouncèd in a painted motley coat,  
Fills all the world so full of cuckoo's  
nests,

That nightingales can scarcely sing a  
note :

Oh, bid them turn their minds to better  
meanings ;

Fields are all sorry that give no better  
gleanings.

*(Pasquil's Message.)*



*DARWIN-LIKE OBSERVATION  
OF 'LITTLE CREATURES.'*

To see the greyhound course, the hound  
in chase,

Whilst little dormouse sleepeth out  
her time ;

The lambs and rabbits sweetly run at  
bace,

Whilst highest trees the little squirrels  
climb ;



The crawling worms out-creeping in  
the flowers ;  
And how the snails do climb the lofty  
towers.\*

(*Countess of Pembroke's Passion*, st. 98.)



*A DAY IN MERRY ENGLAND  
OF THE OLDEN TIME.*

*The Morning.*

It is now Morning, and Time hath wound up the wheels of the day's watch, while the lark, the sun's trumpet, calls the labourer to his work. There is joy and comfort through the whole world, that the spirits of life are awaked out of their dead sleep. It is the blessed time of Heaven, in which the best things are begun, while Nature goes to Experience for the better perfection of her business. The sun now begins to draw open the curtain of his pavilion, and with the

\* As a commentary on the last of the 'snail,' I once saw on a 'lofty,' indeed on the loftiest of the mysterious stones of Stonehenge, within a few inches (exacerbatingly misprinted 'miles' in our edition of Breton's Works *in loco*) of the summit, a common shell 'snail.'



heat of his beams draws up the unwholesome mists in the air. The mother-earth is recovered of her cold sickness, and sends forth her fair flowers to perfume the infected air. Now the sorcerers, with her magic art, puts her charms to silence, and the birds of the woods make music to the poor traveller. Now begin the wits of the wise and the limbs of strength, to compass the world and make art honourable. Thieves now are either caved [= *hidden in caves* or imprisoned, and knowledge of comfort puts Care to a *non plus*. The beasts of the forests use the silence of fear, and the wolf like a dog dare not look out of his den. The worms into the earth and the toads into the waters, fly for fear of their heads. This is a time that I joy in, for I think no time lost but in sleep. And now have imaginations their best means to attire themselves in the golden livery of their best graces, to which the thought is as no time by deprivation of action. I conclude, it is in itself a blessed season, a dispersing of the first darkness and the Dial of Alexander. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*One of the Clock.*

It is now the first hour, and Time is, as it were, stepping out of darkness and stealing towards the day. The cock calls to his hen, and bids her beware of the fox ; and the Watch, having walked the streets, takes a nap upon a stall. The bellman calls to the maids to look to their locks, their fire and their light, and the child in the cradle calls to the nurse for a dug [= *the breast*]. The cat sits watching behind the cupboard for a mouse, and the flea sucks on sweet flesh till he is ready to burst with the blood. The spirits of the studious start out of their dreams, and if they cannot fall asleep again, then to the book and the wax-candle. The dog at the door frays the thief from the house, and the thief within the house mayhap be about his business. In some places bells are rung to certain orders ; but the quiet sleeper never tells the clock. Not to dwell too long upon it, I hold it the farewell of the night and the forerunner of the day, the spirit's watch and Reason's work-master. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Two of the Clock.*

It is now the second hour, and the point of the dial hath stopt over the first stroke, and now Time begins to draw back the curtain of the Night. The cock again calls to the hen, and the Watch begin to bustle toward their discharge. The Bellman hath made a great part of his walk, and the Nurse begins to huggle the child to the dug. The cat sits playing with the mouse which she hath catched, and the dog with his barking wakes the servants of the house. The studious now are near upon waking, and the thief will be gone for fear of being taken. The Foresters now be about their walks, and yet stealers sometime cozen the keepers. Warreners now begin to draw homeward, and far-dwellers from the town will be on the way to the market. The soldier now looks towards the Court de Garde, and the Corporal takes care for the relief of the Watch. The earnest scholar will be now at his book, and the thrifty husbandman will rouse towards his rising. The seaman will now look out for light, and if the wind be fair, he calls for a



can of beer. The fishermen now take the benefit of the tide, and he that bobs for eels will not be without worms. In sum, I hold it much of the nature of the first hour, but somewhat better. And, to conclude, I think it the enemy of sleep and the entrance to exercise. Farewell.

*(Fantasticks.)*



*At three of the Clock.*

It is now the third hour, and the windows of heaven begin to open, and the sun begins to colour the clouds in the sky, before he shew his face to the World. Now are the spirits of life, as it were, risen out of death. The cock calls the servants to their day's work, and the grass horses are fetched from the pastures. The milkmaids begin to look towards their dairy, and the good housewife begins to look about the house. The porridge-pot is on for the servants' breakfast, and hungry stomachs will soon be ready for their victuals. The sparrow begins to chirp about the house, and the birds in the bushes will bid them



welcome to the field. The shepherd sets on the pitch on the fire, and fills his tarpot ready for his flock. The wheel and the reel begin to be set ready, and a merry song makes the work seem easy. The ploughman falls to harness his horses, and the thrushes begin to look toward the barn. The scholar that loves learning will be hard at his book, and the labourer by great [= *by quantity, not daily wage*] will be walking towards his work. In brief, it is a parcel of time, to good purpose, the exercise of Nature, and the entrance into Art. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Four of the Clock.*

It is now the fourth hour, and the sun begins to send her beams abroad, whose glimmering brightness no eye can behold. Now crows the cock lustily, and claps his wings for joy at the light, and with his hens leaps lightly from his roost. Now are the horses at their chaff and provender; the servants at breakfast; the milkmaid gone to the



field, and the spinner at the wheel ; and the shepherd with his dog going toward the fold. Now the beggars rouse them out of the hedges and begin their morning craft ; but if the constable come, beware the stocks. The birds now begin to flocke, and the sparrowhawk begins to prey for his eery. The thresher begins to stretch his long arms, and the thriving labourer will fall hard to his work. The quick-witted brain will be quoting of places, and the cunning workman will be trying of his skill. The hounds begin to be coupled for the chase, and the spaniels follow the falconer to the field. Travellers begin to look toward the stable, where an honest ostler is waiting his reward. The soldier now is upon discharge of his Watch, and the captain with his company may take as good rest as they can. In sum, I thus conclude of it : I hold it the messenger of action and the watch of heaven. Farewell.

*(Fantasticks.)*





*Five of the Clock.*

It is now five of the clock, and the fun is going apace upon his journey; and he, sluggards, who would be asleep! The bells ring to prayer, and the streets are full of people, and the highways are stored with travellers. The scholars are up and going to school, and the rods are ready for the truants' correction. The maids are at milking and the servants at plough, and the wheel goes merrily while the mistress is by. The capons and the chickens must be raised without door, and the hogs cry till they have their swill. The shepherd is almost gotten to his fold, and the herd begins to blow his horn through the town [= *farmstead*]. The blind fiddler is up with his dance and his song, and the alehouse-door is unlocked for good fellows. The hounds begin to find after the hare, and horse and foot follow after the cry. The traveller now is well on his way, and if the weather is fair he walks with the better cheer. The carter merrily whistles to his horse, and the boy with his sling casts stones at the crows. The lawyer now begins to look



on his case, and if he give good counsel he is worthy of his fee. In brief, not to stay too long upon it, I hold it the necessity of Labour and the note of Profit. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Six of the Clock.*

It is now the sixth hour, the sweet time of the Morning, and the sun at every window calls the sleepers from their beds. The marygold begins to open her leaves, and the dew on the ground doth sweeten the air. The Falconer now meets with many a fair flight, and the hare and the hounds have made the huntsmen good sport. The shops in the city begin to show their wares, and the market-people have taken their places. The scholars now have their forms, and whosoever cannot say his lesson must reverently look for absolution. The Forester now is drawing home to his lodge, and if his deer be gone he may draw after a cold scent. Now begins the cursed mistress to put her girls to their tasks, and a lazy hilding



[= *idle jade or hindering*] will do hurt among good women. Now the mower falls to whetting of his scythe and the beaters of hemp give a ho! to every blow. The ale knight is at his cup ere he can well see his drink, and the beggar is as muddle-tongued as if he had been at it all day. The fishermen are now at the crier for oysters, and they will never lin [= *cease*] crying while they have one in their basket. In sum, not to be tedious, I hold it the fluggard's shame and the labourer's praise. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Seven of the Clock.*

It is now the seventh hour, and Time begins to fet the World hard to work. The milkmaids in their dairy to their butter and their cheefe; the ploughmen to their ploughs and their harrows in the field; the scholars to their lessons; the lawyers to their cases; the merchants to their accounts; the shopmen to What lack you? and every trade to his business. Oh, 'tis a world



to see how life leaps about the limbs of the healthful: none but finds something to do: the wise to study, the strong to labour; the fantastic to make love; the poet to make verses; the player to con his part; and the Musician to try his notes. Every one in his quality, and according to his condition, sets himself to some exercise either of the body or the mind. And therefore, since it is a time of much labour and great use, I will thus briefly conclude it: I hold it the enemy of idleness and employer of industry. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Eight of the Clock.*

It is now the eighth hour, and good stomachs are ready for a breakfast. The huntsman now calls in his hounds, and at the fall of the deer the hours go apace. Now begin the horses to breathe and the labourer to sweat, and with quick hands work rides apace. Now the scholars make a charm in the schools, and *ergo* keeps a stir in many a false argument. Now the chapmen fall to furnish



the shops, the market people make away with their wares ; the tavern-haunters taste of the toppers' wine, and the nappy ale makes many a drunken noll. Now the thresher begins to fall to his breakfast, and eat apace, and work apace, rides the corn quickly away. Now the piper looks what he hath gotten since day, and the beggar, if he have hit well, will have a pot of the best. The traveller now begins to water his horse, and if he was early up, perhaps a bait will do well. The ostler now makes clean his stables, and if guests come in he is not without his welcome. In conclusion, for all I find in it, I hold it the mind's travail and the body's toil. Farewell.

*(Fantasticks.)*



*Nine of the Clock.*

It is now the ninth hour, and the sun is gotten up well toward his height, and the sweating traveller begins to feel the burden of his way. The scholar now falls to conning of his lesson, and the lawyer at the bar falls to pleading of his case. The foldier now makes many a



weary step in his march, and the amorous courtier is almost ready to go out of his chamber. The market now grows to be full of people, and the shopmen now are in the heat of the market. The falconers now find it too hot flying, and the huntsmen begin to grow weary of their sport. The birders now take in their nets and their rods, and the fishermen send their fish to the market. The tavern and the alehouse are almost full of guests, and Westminster and Guildhall are not without a word or two on both sides. The carriers now are loading out of town, and not a letter but must be paid for ere it pass. The cryer now tries the strength of his throat, and the bearward leads his bear home after his challenge. The Players' bills are almost all set up, and the clerk of the market begins to show his office. In sum, in this hour there is much to do as well in the city as the country. And, therefore, to be short, I will thus make my conclusion : I hold it the toil of wit and the trial of reason. Farewell.

*(Fantasticks.)*





*Ten of the Clock.*

It is now the tenth hour, and now preparation is to be made for dinner. The trenchers must be scraped and the napkins folded, the salt covered and the knives scoured, and the cloth laid, the stools set ready and all for the table. There must be haste in the kitchen for the boiled and the roast, and provision in the cellar for wine, ale, and beer. The Pantler [= *pantry keeper*] and the Butler must be ready in their offices, and the usher of the Hall must marshal the serving-men. The hawk must be set on the perch and the dogs put into the kennel, and the guests that come to dinner must be invited against the hour. The scholars now fall to construe and parse, and the lawyer makes his client either a man or a mouse [= *victim*]. The chapmen now draw home to their inns, and the shopmen fall to folding up their wares. The ploughman now begins to grow towards home, and the dairymaid, after her work, falls to cleansing of her vessels. The cook is cutting fops for broth, and the butler is chopping of loaves for the table. The



minstrels begin to go towards the taverns, and the curfed crew visit the vile places. In fum, I thus conclude of it : I hold it the messenger of the ftomach and the fpirit's recreation. Farewell.

*(Fantasticks.)*



*Eleven of the Clock.*

It is now the eleventh hour ; children muft break up fchool, lawyers muft home to their houfes, merchants to the Exchange, and gallants to the Ordinary. The difhes fet ready for the meat, and the glaffes half full of fair water. Now the market people make towards their homes, and the beggars begin to draw near the towns. The porridge put off the fire is fet a-cooling for the plough folk, and the great loaf and the cheefe are fet ready for the table. Colleges and halls ring to dinner, and a fcholar's commons is foon digefted. The rich man's guefts are at courtefy, and 'I thank you'; and the poor man's feaft is welcome, and 'God be with you.' The Page is ready with his knife and his trencher, and the meat will be



half cold ere the guests can agree on their places. The cook wards the kitchen and the butler the buttery, and the serving-men stand all ready at the dresser [= *drawered table*]. The children are called to say grace before dinner, and the nice people rather look than eat. The gates be locked for fear of the beggars, and the minstrels called in to be ready with their music. The pleasant wit is now breaking a jest, and the hungry man puts his jaws to their proof. In sum, to conclude my opinion of it, I hold it the Epicure's joy and the Labourer's ease. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)



*Twelve of the Clock.*

It is now the twelfth hour : the sun is at his height, and the middle of the day, the first course is served in, and the second ready to follow. The dishes have been read over and the reversion set by. The wine begins to be called for, and who waits not is chidden. Talk passeth away time, and when stomachs are full discourses grow dull and heavy.



But after fruit and cheefe, say grace and take away. Now the markets are done, the Exchange broke up, and the lawyers at dinner, and Duke Humphrey's servants make their walks in Paul's.\* The shopmen keep their shops and their servants go to dinner. The traveller begins to call for a reckoning, and goes into the stable to see his horse eat his provender. The ploughman now is in the bottom of his dish, and the labourer draws out his dinner out of his bag. The beasts of the field take rest after their feed, and the birds of the air are at juke [= *sport*] in the bushes. The lamb lies sucking while the ewe chews the cud, and the rabbit will scarce peep out of her burrow. The hare sits close asleep in her muse [= *hole in a hedge*], while dogs sit waiting for a bone from the trencher. In brief, for all I find of it, I thus conclude in it: I hold it the stomach's pleasure and the spirit's weariness. Farewell.

(*Fantasticks.*)

\* So Hutton, in 'Satyres and Epigrams' (1619), 'dine with Duke Humfrey in decayed Paule's'—see also Donne=go without dinner by walking up and down St. Paul's, and deftly using toothpicks as if they had just dined.



*QUEEN ELIZABETH LIVING—  
1603.*

A Queen . . . I say not only with Antonio, 'God preserve her,' by knowing such a queen in a little, but I may say, a great blessed Island, whom according to the excellency of her nature the heavens have worthily named Bazilethea: I say such a queen as not the greatest monarchy in the world hath the like, to love and honour.

Let me say thus much in her due, that what dignity soever may be justly given unto man above all other creatures, that and much more may be given unto her Majesty above all others; who in all the judgments of the worthiest wits on Earth, is worthily held not only the Grace of all her Court, but under heaven the very glory of her kingdom; whose patience in all trouble, whose temper in all passion, whose bounty to the well-deserving and justice over the obstinate; whose mercy to the offendant and love to the virtuous; whose beauty in nature, whose wisdom in judgment, whose magnanimity in dangers and constancy in religion; whose providence



in care, and resolution in performance ; makes her the true figure of the Phœnix and the worthy honoured wonder of the world ; whose praises so far pass the reach of human reason to set down, that Admiration may rather contemplate than Conceit express them. For while the wise serve, the virtuous love, the valiant fear and the mighty admire, what can be said ? but that since in the dignity of human nature she is the worthy wonder of her days, let her subjects ever pray, that in the ever wonder of the world, she may live the blessed Majesty of her kingdom, and be persuaded that where the virtue of beauty and beauty of virtue, the mercy of Justice and care of Judgment, in the eye of Grace, the heart of Truth, and the hand of Bounty, makes that angel of a woman, which proves the glory of a creature. Let the Phœnix be drawn from her spirit, and the dignity of man in this world under heaven from her Majesty : whom the Chronicles of never-ending ages may eternize for the gracious queen of the world. Of which truth, while Envy is eating of her snaky hairs with anger to hear of, Fame joyfully soundeth her name in eternal



triumph. But lest I blot my paper in seeking to shew a fair hand and abridge much of her worth in so little touching the wonder of her worthiness, I will only leave princes to admire her, the virtuous to love her, the honourable to attend her, the learned to commend her, the devout to pray for her, that God, who by His Almighty power for the good of her kingdom, did in her seat of Majesty place her, will so in His glorious mercy in the same ever preserve her, that while the whole world is full of her worthy fame, her subjects may joy to behold the Majesty of her person, and while the greatest part of the world doth admire her, the heart of England may ever joy to enjoy her : to which prayer I hope he lives not so unworthily born that will not joyfully say Amen.

*(A Dialogue of Pith and Pleasure.)*



### *FAITH.*

Faith is the hand of the soul, which layeth hold of the promises of Christ in the mercy of the Almighty. She hath



a bright eye and a holy ear, a clear heart and sure foot. She is the strength of Hope, the trust of Truth, the honour of Amity and the joy of Love. She is rare among the sons of men and hardly found among the daughters of women ; but among the sons of God she is a conveyance of their inheritance, and among the daughters of Grace, she is the assurance of their portions. Her dwelling is in the Church of God, her conversation with the saints of God, her delight with the beloved of God, and her life is in the love of God. She knows no falsehood, distrusts no truth, breaks no promise, and coins no excuse ; but as bright as the sun, as swift as the wind, as sure as the rock, and as pure as gold, she looks toward heaven but lives in the world, in the souls of the Elect, to the glory of Election. She was wounded in Paradise by a dart of the Devil and healed of her hurt by the death of Christ Jesus. She is the poor man's credit and the rich man's praise ; the wise man's care and the good man's cognizance. In sum, finding her worth in words hardly to be expressed, I will in these few words only deliver my



opinion of her : ſhe is God's bleſſing and  
man's bliſs, Reaſon's comfort and Virtue's  
glory.

(Characters upon Essays.)



*A PRETTY FANCY.*

Who takes a friend, and trusts her not ;  
Who hopes of good, and hath it not ;  
Who hath an item, and keeps it not ;  
Who keeps a joy, and loves it not ;  
The first wants wit, the second will ;  
Careless the third, the fourth doth ill.  
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)



*FOLLIES.*

Oh, 'tis a word to hear a gander keak=  
*quack*  
 And all the geese to give a hiss to  
 hear ;  
 To hear an owl to teach a parrot speak,  
 While cuckoo's notes makes better  
 music clear,



Where ne'er a better singing-bird is  
near ;

Would it not grieve a good Musi-  
cian's ear,

To be enforc'd to stand attentive  
hear ?

To see a wise man handled like a fool ;

An ass exalted like a proper man ;

To see a puddle honour'd like a pool ;

An old blind goose swim wagers with  
a swan ;

A silver cup<sup>r</sup> disgracèd by a can ;

Who would not grieve that so  
the world should go ?

But who can help it, if it will  
be so ?

No, no, alas ! it is in vain for me

To help the eyes that joy not in the  
light ;

He that is sworn that he will never see,

Let him play buzzard with his blinded  
fight ;

He that is o'er-conceited of his  
Art

Must die of folly ; there's no help  
for it . . . .



A curtal jade will shew his hackney  
tricks,  
And snarling curs will bite a man  
behind ;  
The blackthorn shrub is best known by  
his pricks ;  
A kestrel cannot choose but show her  
kind ;  
Wise men sometimes must wait till  
fools have din'd ;  
And yet these fools in common  
Wits' conceit,  
Are wise when Wisdom on their  
Wealth doth wait.

And yet the wealthy Fool is but a Fool ;  
The Knave with all his wealth is but  
a Knave ;  
For truest Wisdom reads in Virtue's  
School,  
That there is no man happy till his  
grave ;  
The hermit has more quiet in his  
cave  
Than many a king that long  
usurps a crown,  
That in the end comes headlong  
tumbling down.

*(Pasquil's Passion.)*



*FORKS (WITH KNIVES), AN IN-  
NOVATION AND LUXURY.*

For us in the country, when we have washed our hands after no foul work, nor handling any unwholesome thing, we need no little forks to make hay with our mouths, to throw our meat into them.

(*The Courtier and the Countryman.*)  
[Cf., 'King John,' i. 1, 190.]

*WEARERS OF THE FOOL'S CAP.*

If thou chance to meet an idle mate,  
Whose tongue goes all too glib upon  
the feare = trigger  
And chief delight is so much in his  
prate,  
As when he comes, will be chief  
prater there :  
In friendly kindness tell him in his  
ear,  
That in the rules of Wit and  
Reason's School,  
He will be counted but a prating  
FOOL.



And if you hap to light upon a Gull,  
That is conceited of his mother-wit,  
And doth apply his beetle-headed scull  
But to an humour of an idle fit ;  
In honest kindness let him hear of it,  
That in the rolls of Wisdom's  
rules you read,  
Lest hope of him than of a FOOL  
indeed.

And if you chance to see the Son of  
Pride  
Look fifteen thousand mile above the  
moon ;  
And lie abed until his idle hide  
Must make a morning of an afternoon,  
For fear his Worship should be up too  
soon ;  
Lest that the air should hap to  
do him harm,  
Send *him* the Fool's Cap for to  
keep him warm.

And if you chance to spy a subtle slave  
That hath a world of simple wits  
beguil'd,  
And, like a cunning, cogging, cozening  
knave,  
On other harms, his helps doth only  
build ;



Tell him that Satan is a subtle child ;  
 That while the wicked gold for  
     drofs do fell,  
 Makes fools seem wise until they  
     come to hell.

*(Pasquil's Foole's Cap.)*



### HEAVEN v. EARTH.

The Earth, alas ! from whence your  
     loves receive

    Their flowers and sweets, their pearls  
     and precious stones,  
 To deck themselves ; with which they  
     so deceive

    The blinded spirits of the simple ones ;  
     This Earth, from whence their  
     outward graces spring,  
     Is but the footstool of my  
     heavenly King.

And if He so hath deck'd the Earth  
     below ;

    Imagine, then, the glory of His feat ;\*

\* Cf. Giles Fletcher :

‘ If such a house God to another gave,  
 How shine those glittering courts He for  
     Himself will have ’ (our edition, p. 211,  
     st. 27).



Which may persuade, where angels  
tremble so,

For human eyes the glory is too great ;  
For where the sun, the moon  
and stars have light,

For Nature's eyes the beauty is  
too bright.

*(A Solemn Passion.)*



### HONOUR.

Honour is a title or grace, given by the spirit of Virtue to the seed of valour, in the defence of Truth. It is wronged in baseness, and abused in unworthiness, and endangered in wantonness, and lost in wickedness. It nourisheth art, and crowneth wit, giveth learning, and glorifieth wisdom. In the Heraldry of Heaven it hath the richest coat, being in nature allied unto all the houses of Grace, which in the heaven of heavens attend the King of Kings. Her escutcheon is a heart, in which, on the shield of Faith, she bears or[ = *golden*] the anchor of Hope and the helmet of Salvation. She quarters with Wisdom in the



resolution of Valour, and in the line of Charity she is the home of Justice. Her supporters are Time and Patience, her mantle Truth, and her crest Christ treading upon the globe of the world. Her impress is *Corona mea Christus*. In brief, finding her state so high that I am not able to climb unto the frame of her perfection, I will leave her royalty to the register of most princely spirits, and in my humble hand thus only deliver my opinion of her : She is Virtue's due and Grace's gift, Valour's wealth and Reason's joy.

*(Characters upon Essays.)*

[Cf. Milton's 'Hymn upon the Circumcision' :

‘ He, who with all Heav’n’s heraldry  
whilere,  
Enter’d the world, now bleeds to  
give us ease.’

So, conversely, Phineas Fletcher’s  
Locusts (our edition, Works, ii., 73, ft.  
18), ‘ Hell’s Heraldry.’]





*AN ODD HUMOUR.*

Purely fair and fairly wise ;  
Blessed wit and blessed eyes ;  
Blessed wife and blessed fair ;  
Never may thy blifs impair.

Kindly true and truly kind ;  
Blessed heart and blessed mind ;  
Blessed kind and blessed true ;  
Ever may thy blifs renew.

Sweetly dear and dearly sweet ;  
Blessed where these blessings meet ;  
Blessed meetings never cease ;  
Ever may thy blifs increase.

Blessed Beauty, Wit and Sense ;  
Blest in Nature's excellence ;  
Where all blessings perish never,  
Blessed may'st thou live for ever.  
*(Melancholic Humours.)*



*INHOSPITALITY.*

When I had been a little on shore,  
had weathered myself, dried my clothes,  
filled my belly, and emptied my purse,  
I now began to think how my wits  
should work for my welfare. And first



intending to seek entertainment of some noble person, that would honourably look into the virtues, valour, and good qualities of a good mind, I began to put on a resolution to adventure my fortune and endure any discomfort that might be a hindrance to my happiness. And with this resolution, travelling till I was weary, almost penniless, and exceedingly hungry, I came to the view of a goodly, fair, and gorgeously built house, which stood, as it were, a mile from a city near adjoining. Now in hope there to find some such person as I before spake of, I began to rouse up myself, as one that had an assured hope at least of some good victual—I mean of a good dinner scot-free—however otherwise Fortune would be my friend. When, ere I would approach too near the house, lest I should be seen in any unfit manner, I combed my beard, gartered up my stockings, trussed every point, buttoned every button, and made myself ready in the best manner I could, to appear before the presence of such as I should meet withal in this gallant mansion. But when I came near unto the house, and finding the door shut, I did imagine



(being about the mid-time of the day) that the servants were all at dinner, and the lord of the house either laid down to sleep or gone into the closet to talk upon some accounts with his lady. But hearing no sound of any noise nor voice within of either man or dog, I feared some ill-fortune, that there was some great sickness or danger of death that might damp the spirits and so cause the sorrow of the whole house. But staying awhile, and neither hearing anyone within nor any poor creature without at the gate, that might hope of alms from the Hall, I feared the charity within was so little that my comfort without would be according. But after that I had stood awhile, loth to lose time, I knocked at the door ; where I knocked long before I had any answer, and in the end was saluted at a window far within by an old fellow, who it should seem to save a groat, had slept out his dinner ; whose speech (with a wide mouth gaped out) was this : ‘ What lack you ? ’ ‘ My friend,’ quoth I, ‘ I pray you let me speak with you.’ ‘ No,’ quoth he, ‘ I cannot come down ; I am busy ; my master is not at home,



and there is nobody in the house but I and my wife, and she is not well ; but say your errand, and I will hear you.' My errand, thought I. Was there ever such a kennel for such a cur ? Doth he take me for some sorry fellow, or hath he no better kind of greeting for strangers ? And thus while I stand musing and fretting at my future and this bad fellow, he shut the window, and I with a sigh to see how I was mistaken in this fair house, turning me from it, I met with a fool in a pied coat, who, looking upon me after he had out-laughed himself, told me : ' Sir, you are mistaken. This is a Banqueting House, where the gazers are only fed with conceits ; for there is not a chimney that smokes nor a door open. It is called Mockbeggar. Ha ! ha ! ha !' Now when the fool went thus laughing away, and left me, more fool, to tarry there, before I stirred my foot, out of my pocket I took my table book, in which I writ down this.

*(A Mad World, my Masters.)*

[Parker, in his 'Curtain Drawer' (1612) has many similar hits on contem-



porary inhospitality ; *e.g.*, ‘ Then [in the good old times] noblemen’s chimneys used to smoke, and not their noses’ (our edition). On ‘ table-book,’ cf. ‘ Hamlet,’ ii. 2, and ‘ Winter’s Tale,’ iv. 3.]



*A PATHETIC LETTER BY  
BRETON.*

*To my dearest beloved friend on Earth,  
H. W.*

HONEST HARRY,—Out of a troubled spirit of a tormented heart, I write to thee, and therefore bear with my skill if it be not in the pleasing nature of so good an humour as I could wish and thou art worthy of. But as I know thee able to judge of colours better than the blind eyes and beetle-heads [= *stupid clowns*] and of that true kindness that can and doth rather comfort the afflicted than increase the sorrows of the distressed ; let me unfold to thee some part of my passion, that patience in thy pity may better play her part in my spirit. What shall I say ? I live without life, pleased in nothing, crossed



in all hopes, put in many fears, languishing in many sorrows, and troubled with the griefs of a wounded conscience : not with the horrors of murder, the fear of treason, nor delight in sin, but with the cruelty of Fortune, the unkindness of friends and the breach of credit, and most of all with them whom I most love. Oh God, my heart acheth, and blame it not : and my spirit mourneth, and reprove it not ; for though patience be a virtue that maketh men divine, yet there is but one Christ, and men are no angels. And let me tell the truth, the misery of my life is intolerable in the sense of Nature ; for compare the afflictions of the most patient, with the causes of my passions, and provide a world of pity to behold the map of my miseries. Hath any man been wealthy and become poor ? so am I. Hath another suffered wrong ? so do I. Another buried his parents, children and dear friends ? so have I. Another travelled far in hope of gain and returned with loss ? so have I. Another been wounded in the Wars, fared bad, lain in a cold bed many a bitter storm, and been at many a hard banquet ? all these have I. Another



imprisoned? so have I. Another long been sick? so have I. Another plagued with an unquiet wife? so am I. Another indebted to his heart's grief and fain would pay and cannot? so am I. In sum, any of these crosses are able to kill the heart of a kind spirit, and all these lie at once so heavy upon my heart as nothing but the hand of God can remove: besides, my continual toil for the reward of unquietness, while that which should be my comfort is my sorrow. Imagine how with all this I can live, and think what a death it is thus to live! Oh for the scorn of the proud, the abuse of the ungracious, the scoff of the foolish, and the scanning of the unkind; the company of the discontentive, and the want of the most affected [= *beloved*]; the disgrace of learning, the loss of time, and the misery of want. If there be a hell on earth, it cannot be far from this cause of my discomfort; where I am sure the devil, seeing my desire to serve God, layeth all his bars he can in the way for my discomfort. But I defy him, and hope in Christ that my living and loving God, who hath tried my soul in adversities,



will one day in His mercy so look upon me that the devil shall be driven back from his purpose ; and the tears of my body wiped away, I shall rejoice in such a joy as all my griefs clean forgotten, my heart and soul shall—in the joy of my sense, in the heavenly harmony of a holy hymn—sing a new song of praise to the glory of my Saviour : for the hastening whereof in my deliverance from my torments and comforts in His mercies, I will frame my daily prayers, and be assured of thy amen. But I fear I am too tedious, and therefore will thus end : God continue my patience, but not my sorrows ; give me deliverance from my miseries, and make me thankful for His blessings, and bless thee with as much happiness as thou knowest I want. So, leaving my hopes to His mercy and us both to His tuition, I rest with as little rest as I think any man can rest,

Thine or not mine own, N. B.

*(A Poste.)*





*LOVE LETTERS.*

*To my Sweet Love, Mistress E. S.*

SWEET LOVE,—If absence could breed forgetfulness, then Fortune should do much harm to Affection ; but when the eye of the mind looketh into the joy of the heart, the sentence may well be spoken. As in silence you may hear me, so in absence you may see me ; for love is not an hour's humour nor a shadow of light, but it is a light of the spirit and a continuing passion. Think not, therefore, I do or can forget thee, or love myself but for thee. Shortly I hope to see thee, and in the meantime, though not with thee, yet not from thee ; nor will be at rest with myself till I may rest only with thee, I rest always to rest thine only and all.

(*F. W.*)



*Her Answer.*

MY DEAR,—If delays were not a death to Love, excuse were current in the construction of kindness ; but



sentences are better spoken than understood [= *when written*], and a pleasing presence is better than an excused absence. Remembrance is good, but possession better, and Love holdeth memory but a kind of melancholy. Let your self, therefore, be the messenger rather of your love than your letters, lest Fortune in a mad fit cross to your best comfort, not in respect of my constancy, but my parents' unkindness. This is all I will write at this time, but wishing a happy time to the beginning of a never ending, I rest till that time and at all times, one and the same,

Yours, as you know, E. P.

(*A Poste.*)



### *WHAT IS LOVE?*

Men talk of Love that know not what  
it is ;  
For could we know what Love may be  
indeed  
We would not have our minds so led  
amiss



With idle toys, that wanton humours  
feed ;

But in the rules of higher reason read  
What love may be, so from the  
world conceal'd

Yet all too plainly to the world  
reveal'd.

Some one doth fain Love is a blinded  
god ;

His blindnes him more half a devil  
shews ;

For Love with blindnes never made  
abode ;

Which all the power of Wit and Reason  
knows :

And from whose grace the ground of  
knowledge grows.

But such blind eyes that can no  
better see

Shall never live to come where  
Love may be.

Some only think it only is a thought  
Bred in the eye and buzzeth in the  
brain ;

And breaks the heart until the mind be  
brought

To feed the senses with a sorry vein ;



Till wits once gone, come never home  
again :

And then too late in mad conceit  
do prove

Fantaſtic wits are ever void of love.

Some think it is a babe of Beauty's  
getting,

Nurſt up by Nature and Time's only  
breeding ;

A pretty work to ſet the wits a-whetting  
Upon a fancy of an Humour's feeding ;  
Where Reaſon finds but little ſenſe in  
reading :

No, no, I ſee children muſt go to  
ſchool ;

Philoſophy is not for every fool.

And ſome again think there is no ſuch  
thing

But in conceit, a kind of coinèd jeſt ;  
Which only doth of idle humours ſpring  
Like to a bird within a Phœnix neſt,  
Where never yet did any young one reſt :

But let ſuch fools take heed of  
blaſphemy,

For Love is high in his divinity.

But to be ſhort, to learn to find him out,  
'Tis not in Beauty's eye nor babies'  
hearts ;



He must go beat another world about,  
And seek for Love but in those living parts  
Of Reason's light, that is the life of arts ;  
    That will perceive though he can  
        never see  
    The perfect essence whereof Love  
        may be.

It is too clear a brightness for man's eye ;  
Too high a wisdom for his wits to find ;  
Too deep a secret for his sense to try ;  
And all too heavenly for his earthly mind ;  
It is a grace of such a glorious kind  
    As gives the soul a secret power to  
        know it ;  
    But gives no heart nor spirit power  
        to show it.

It is of heaven and earth the highest  
    beauty ;  
The powerful hand of heaven's and  
    earth's creation ;  
The due commander of all spirits' duty ;  
The deity of angels' adoration ;  
The glorious substance of the soul's  
    salvation :  
    The light of Truth that all per-  
        fection trieth,  
    And life that gives the life that  
        never dieth.



It is the height of God and hate of ill,  
Triumph of Truth and Falsehood's overthrow ;

The only worker of the Highest Will,  
And only knowledge that doth know-  
ledge know,

And only ground where it doth only  
grow :

It is in sum the substance of all blifs,  
Without whose blessing all things  
nothing is.

But in itself itself it all containeth,  
And from itself but of itself it giveth ;  
It nothing loseth and it nothing gaineth,  
But in the glory of itself it liveth ;

A joy which soon awayall sorrow driveth :  
The provèd truth of all perfection's  
story,

Our God incomprehensible in glory.

Thus is it not a riddle to be read,  
And yet a secret to be found in reading ;  
But when the heart joins issue with the  
head,

In settled faith to seek the spirit's feeding ;  
While in the wounds that ever fresh and  
bleeding,



In Christ His side, the faithful soul  
may see

In perfect life what perfect love  
may be.

*(Longing of a Blessed Heart, 1601.)*



LOVE.

Foolish love is only folly ;  
Wanton love is too unholy ;  
Greedy love is covetous ;  
Idle love is frivolous ;  
But the gracious love is it  
That doth prove the work of wit.

Beauty but deceives the eye ;  
Flattery leads the ear awry ;  
Wealth doth but enchant the wit ;  
Want, the overthrow of it ;  
While in Wisdom's worthy grace,  
Virtue sees the sweetest face.

There hath Love found out his life,  
Peace without all thought of strife ;  
Kindness in Discretion's care ;  
Truth, that clearly doth declare  
Faith doth in true fancy prove,  
Lust the excrements of Love.



Then in faith may fancy see  
 How my love may construèd be ;  
 How it grows and what it seeks ;  
 How it lives and what it likes ;  
 So in highest grace regard it,  
 Or in lowest scorn discard it.  
 (*Passionate Shepherd.*)

*MY LADY-LOVE.*

Love, oh life of more tormenting  
 Than the world hath inventing ;  
 Never seized upon a creature  
 In a truer killing nature :  
 Not with Venus' idle itching,  
 Nor with vain affects' bewitching ;  
 But with Wit and Reason's seeing,  
 Nature's beauties sweetest being :  
 Time and Truth on Earth declaring  
 Excellence hath no comparing :  
 Not a hair but hath in holding  
 Honour's heart, in Love's beholding ;  
 Not an eye, but in her glances  
 Graceth reason in Love's trances ;  
 Not a look but hath in loving  
 Faith too fast for ever moving ;



Not a word but in commanding  
Daunteth Folly from demanding ;  
Not a lip but makes the cherry  
Only held a pretty berry ;  
Not a breath that softly blows  
But perfumeth where it goes ;  
Not a truth but doth display  
All the Chefs in battle 'ray ;  
Where the princely eye may see  
How they all in order be :  
King and Queen, Knight, Bishop, Rook,  
And the Pawn his place hath took :  
Blessèd cheek, the sweetest chain  
Of Affection's sweetest vein :  
What can sweetest judgments say  
But thou carriest sweet away ?  
Pretty cheek, in whose sweet pit  
Love would live and die to sit ;  
Let me think no more on thee,  
Thou hast too much wounded me.

*(Passionate Shepherd.)*



*LOVE'S YES AND NO.*

Doth Love live in Beauty's eyes ?  
Why then are they so unloving ?  
Patience in her passion proving,  
There her sorrow chiefly lies.



Lives Belief in lovers' hearts?  
Why then are they unbelieving?  
Hourly so the spirit grieving  
With a thousand jealous smarts.

Is there pleasure in Love's passion?  
Why then is it so unpleasing?  
Heart and spirit both diseasing,  
Where the wits are out of fashion.

No; Love sees in Beauty's eyes;  
He hath only lost his seeing;  
Where in Sorrow's only being  
All his comfort wholly dies.

Faith, within the heart of Love,  
Fearful of the thing it hath;  
Treading of a trembling path,  
Doth but jealousy approve.

In Love's passion then what pleasure,  
Which is but a lunacy?  
Where grief, fear, and jealousy,  
Plague the senses out of measure.

Farewell then unkindly Fancy,  
In thy courses all too cruel;  
Woe the price of such a jewel,  
As turns Reason to a frenzy. = *fransy*





*FAREWELL TO LOVE.*

Farewell Love and loving folly,  
All thy thoughts are too unholy ;  
Beauty strikes thee full of blindness,  
And then kills thee with unkindness.

Farewell wit and witty reason,  
All betray'd by Fancy's treason ;  
Love hath of all joy bereft thee,  
And to sorrow only left thee.

Farewell will and wilful fancy,  
All in danger of a frenzy ;  
Love to Beauty's bow hath won thee,  
And together all undone thee.

Farewell Beauty, Sorrow's agent ;  
Farewell Sorrow, Patience' pagent ;=  
*pageant*

Farewell Patience, Passion's slayer,  
Farewell Passion, Love's betrayer.

Sorrow's agent, Patience' pagent ;  
Passion's slayer, Love's betrayer ;  
Beauty, Sorrow, Patience, Passion ;  
Farewell life, of such a fashion.

Fashion so good fashion' spilling ;  
Passion, so with passions killing ;



Patience, so with sorrow wounding ;  
Farewell Beauty, Love's confounding.  
*(Melancholic Humours.)*

*LOVE-LILT.*

Say that I should say I love you,  
Would you say 'tis but a saying ?  
But if love in prayers move you,  
Will you not be mov'd with praying ?

Think I think that Love should know  
you,

Will you think 'tis but a thinking ?  
But if Love the thought do show you,  
Will you lose your eyes with winking ?

Write that I do write you blestèd,  
Will you write 'tis but a writing ?  
But if truth and love confess it,  
Will you doubt the true inditing ?

No, I say, and think, and write it ;  
Write, and think, and say your  
pleasure ;

Love, and truth, and I indite it,  
You are blestèd out of measure.

*(Daffodils and Primroses.)*



*LOVE—A JEST.*

If that Love had been a King,  
He would have commanded Beauty ;  
But he is a silly thing,  
That hath sworn to do *her* duty.

If that Love had been a god,  
He had then been full of grace ;  
But her grace and love are odd,  
'Tis too plain a piteous case.

No ; Love is an idle jest,  
That hath only made a word ;  
Like unto a cuckoo's nest,  
That hath never hatch'd a bird.

Then from nothing to conceive,  
That may any substance be ;  
Yet so many doth deceive—  
Lord of heaven, deliver me !  
*(Melancholic Humours.)*



*LOVE ACCURSED.*

Love is witty, but not wise,  
When he stares on Beauty's eyes ;  
Finding wonders in conceit,  
That do fall out but deceit.



Wit is stable but not stay'd,  
 When his senses are betray'd ;  
 Where too late sorrows deeply prove,  
 Beauty makes a fool of Love.

Youth is forward but too fond,  
 When he falls in Cupid's bond ;  
 Where Repentance lets him see,  
 Fancy fast is never free.

Age is cunning, but unkind,  
 When he once grows Cupid-blind ;  
 For when Beauty is untoward,  
 Age can never be but froward.

So that I do find in brief,  
 In the grounds of Nature's grief,  
 Age and Youth, and Wit do prove,  
 Beauty makes a fool of Love.

*(Melancholic Humours.)*



*A LULLABY.*

Come, little babe, come, silly soul,=  
*innocent*  
 Thy father's shame, thy mother's grief ;  
 Born as I doubt to all our dole,  
 And to thyself unhappy chief ;  
     Sing lullaby, and lap it warm ;  
     Poor soul that thinks no creature harm.



Thou little think'st, and less dost know,  
The cause of this thy mother's moan ;  
Thou want'st the wit to wail her woe,  
And I myself am all alone ;

Why dost thou weep ? why dost thou  
wail ?

And knowest not yet what thou dost  
ail.

Come, little wretch, ah, filly heart,  
Mine only joy, what can I more ?  
If there be any wrong thy smart,  
That may the destinies implore :

'Twas I, I say, against my will ;

I wail the time, but be thou still.

And dost thou smile ? oh, thy sweet  
face,

Would God himself He might thee see !  
No doubt thou wouldst soon purchase  
grace,

I know right well for thee and me :

But come to mother, babe, and play,  
For father false is fled away.

Sweet boy, if it by future chance

Thy father home again to send ;

If death do strike me with his lance,

Yet mayest thou me to him commend :

If any ask thy mother's name,

Tell how by love she purchas'd blame.



Then will his gentle heart soon yield ;  
I know him of a noble mind—  
Although a lion in the field,  
A lamb in town thou shalt him find :  
Ask blessing, babe, be not afraid ;  
His sugar'd words hath me betray'd.

Then mayest thou joy and be right glad,  
Although in woe I seem to moan ;  
Thy father is no rascal, lad ;  
A noble youth of blood and bone ;  
His glancing looks if he once smile,  
Right honest women may beguile.

Come, little boy, and rock <sup>me</sup> asleep ;  
Sing lullaby, and be thou still ;  
I that can do nought else but weep,  
Will sit by thee and wail my fill ;  
God blefs my babe and lullaby,  
From this thy father's quality.  
(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)





*PASQUIL'S MESSAGE.\**

Go, Muse, abroad, and beat the world  
about ;

Tell truth for shame and hugger up no  
ill ;

Flatter no folly with too plain a flout,  
Nor on a buzzard set a falcon's bill ;

Do no man wrong, give every man  
his right ;

For time will come that all will  
come to light.

\* With 'Go' for refrain, there follow in this pointed satire mordant exposures of the sins and sinners of the period. But Breton was too sweet-blooded and Shakspeare-like 'gentle' to be a mere satirist. He works in graciously-touched delineations of the 'Court' and 'King,' 'Lords and Ladies,' 'Courtiers,' 'Lawyers,' 'Scholars,' 'Country Players,' 'Fiddlers,' 'Swaggerers,' 'Divine,' 'Soldier,' 'Craftsman,' 'Fencer,' the 'wretch in world that cannot thrive,' the 'Crow,' 'Æsop's Fire,' 'Beggar,' 'Jailor,' 'Prisoner,' 'Piety,' 'Authors of High Tragedies,' 'Scrivener,' 'Jugglers,' 'Pander and Parasite,' 'Traitor,' 'Farmers,' 'Labourers.' All these are wisely counselled. It is hard to hold one's hand with such literary treasure-trove available. Our limits compel selection of 'Country Players,' 'Poets and Poor Writers,' 'Authors of High Tragedies.' These will be found under their headings.



Do not persuade a fool that he is wise,  
Nor make a beggar think he is a king ;  
Say not a mole can see that hath no  
eyes,

Nor stark dead stocks have any power  
to spring ;

For while that logic would main-  
tain a lie,

'Tis easily found out in philosophy.

Tell idle eyes that know not how to  
look,

That wanton thoughts will work them  
nought but woes ;

Tell addle wits that have the world  
mistook,

Unbridled wills are Reason's over-  
throws ;

While only truth that walks by  
Wisdom's line,

Happieth the heart and makes the  
soul divine.

*(Pasquil's Madcappe.)*



*MURMURERS—ACCESSION OF  
JAMES I. (1607).*

It is written that a man should be as a god unto man, but it may be written that man is, or at least many men are, as devils unto men ; where there are so many murmurers that there can be few lovers. The rich man murmurs at the poor man that he should dwell nigh him ; the usurer murmurs at the broker that he getteth anything by him ; the tradesman murmurs at his neighbour that he should prosper or thrive by him ; the lawyer murmurs at the term that is so short a harvest for him ; the merchant murmurs at the winds that his ships come not home to him ; the soldier murmurs at his paymaster that he keeps his money from him ; the courtier murmurs at his tailor that his clothes are not fit for him ; the minister [= *curate*] murmurs at the parson because he hath the greatest profit from him, and the parson murmurs at the parish that they come not to church to pay their dues to him, and the parish murmurs at the parson that they pay so much for so little pains from him ;



the tenant murmurs at his landlord for racking of his rent; the landlord murmurs at his tenant to see him thrive by his husbandry. In sum, there is almost no profession or condition wherein one doth not murmur at another; which murmuring, while it continueth in the hearts of people, it will suffer love to have no life among them. But were the world purged of this malicious humour, then would there be as great a heaven as there is now a hell in the world; where love should establish such a law as should never be broken. Among men, do not two eyes in one head, two hands and two legs to one body, make up man? and shall not two lands make one Kingdom? Nay, more; doth not one eye the same that the other, the one hand the same that the other? and shall not one people so near another as one member is to another, have one will, one law, and one love with another? It is strange it should be so, but I hope it will be otherwise. God will have His will and our good King his will. In this work of God's will every good Christian and good subject will give his good will to God's and our



King's will ; against which, if any shall murmur, God will be displeased that the King is not obeyed ; the King will be displeased that God is not obeyed ; the Council will be displeased that God and the King are not obeyed ; the Court will be aggrieved to see God, the King and Council displeased ; and the commonwealth will have a common woe when all these are displeased.

(*A Murmurer.*)



*A SWEET PASTORAL.*

Good Muse, rock me asleep  
with some sweet harmony ;  
This weary eye is not to keep  
thy wary company.

Sweet Love, be gone awhile,  
thou knowest my heaviness ;  
Beauty is born but to beguile  
my heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,  
that lov'd to feed on high,  
Do headlong tumble down the rock  
and in the valley die.



The bushes and the trees,  
that were so fresh and green ;  
Do all their dainty colours leese, = *lose*  
and not a leaf is seen.

The Blackbird and the Thrush,  
that made the woods to ring ;  
With all the rest are now at hush,  
and not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomela, the bird  
that hath the heavenly throat ;  
Doth now, alas, not me afford  
recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,  
each herb hath lost her savour,  
And Phillida the Fair hath lost  
the comfort of her favour.

Now all these careful fights  
so kill me in conceit ;  
That how to hope upon delights  
it is but mere deceit.

And, therefore, my sweet Muse,  
that knowest what help is best ;  
Do now thy heavenly cunning use  
to set my heart at rest.



And in a dream bewray,  
what Fate shall be my friend ;  
Whether my life shall still decay,  
or when my sorrow end.  
(*England's Helicon.*)



*PHILLIS AND CORIDON.*

On a hill there grows a flower,  
Fair befall the dainty sweet ;  
By that flower there is a bower,  
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,  
Fringèd all about with gold ;  
Where doth sit the fairest fair,  
That did ever eye behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright ;  
She that is the shepherd's joy ;  
She that Venus did despise,  
And did blind her little Boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,  
And the world desires to see,  
This *ipsa-quæ*, the which  
There is none but only she.



*A Bower of Delights.*

Who would not this face admire ?  
 Who would not this saint adore ?  
 Who would not this sight desire ?  
 Though he thought to see no more.

Oh fair eyes, yet let me see,  
 One good look, and I am gone ;  
 Look on me, for I am he,  
 Thy poor filly Coridon. = *innocent*

Thou that art the shepherds' Queen,  
 Look upon thy filly swain ;  
 By thy comfort have been seen  
 Dead men brought to life again.  
 (*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

*PHILLIDA AND CORIDON.**A Pastoral.*

In the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day,  
 Forth I walked by the wood side  
 When as May was in his pride ;  
 There I spied all alone  
 Phillida and Coridon :  
 Much ado there was ; God wot  
 He would love and she would not ;



She said, never man was true ;  
He said, none was false to you ;  
He said, he had lov'd her long ;  
She said, Love should have no wrong.

Coridon would kiss her then ;  
She said, Maids must kiss no men  
Till they did for good and all :  
Then she made the Shepherd call  
All the heavens to witness truth ;  
Never lov'd a truer youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,  
Yea and nay, and faith and troth ;  
Such as silly shepherds use = *harmless*  
When they will not love abuse ;  
Love, which had been long deluded,  
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;  
And Phillida with garlands gay  
Was made the Lady of the May.  
(*Daffodils and Primroses.*)



*POETS AND POOR WRITERS.*

Go tell the Poets that their fiddling  
rhymes  
Begin apace to grow out of request ;  
While wanton humours in their idle  
times,



Can make of Love but as a laughing  
jest :

And tell poor Writers stories are so  
stale,

That penny ballads make a better  
sale.

*(Pasquil's Message.)*



### *PROVERBS AND WISE SAWS.*

Fortune favours fools. Not so, there  
are fools enough, but there is no fortune.

Women are like wasps in their anger.  
Not so, for wasps leave their stings,  
but women never leave their tongues  
behind them.

Virgins are angel-like creatures. Not  
so, for then they would not be so proud  
of their beauty.

Painted creatures are dead speakers.  
Not so, for then many women would  
be silent.

Money is a continual traveller in the  
world. Not so, for with some he is a  
close prisoner.

Every child knows his own father.  
Not so, but so his mother tells him.



There is nothing stolen without hands. Yes, a good name with an ill tongue.

Rich men are stewards for the poor. Not so, when the poor man's pence fill their purses.

He that is wise in his own conceit is a fool. Not so, for he that is wise is no fool.

A bagpipe makes more noise than music. Not so, for 'tis all music, though not of the best.

There is no fire without smoke. Yes, in a flint.

The Law is costly. No, 'tis the lawyer.

Love is the peace of the Senses. Not where it is joined with jealousy.

He is a fond (*=foolish*) fisher that angles for a frog. Not so, for he may be a bait for a better fish.

Neat apparell graceth a man. Not so, a neat man graceth his apparell.

Try, and then trust. Not so, for he that is kind to-day may be cross to-morrow.

There is none so faithless as a heretic. Yes, an hypocrite.

There is a time allowed for all things. No, not to do evil.



Poverty is the purgatory of reason.  
Not so ; it is the trial of patience.

He is wise that is rich. Not so ; he  
is rich who is wise.

Nothing so necessary for travellers as  
languages. Yes, money.

Which is the best travel that ever  
was ? Towards heaven.

What is the best learning in the  
world ? Truth.

What is the greatest wealth in the  
world ? Content.

What is the greatest blessing to  
Nature ? Health.

What comforteth a lame man ? That  
he shall not be sent of hasty errands.

What is the comfort of Age ? That  
he hath passed the perils of his youth.

What is the best companion in the  
world ? A library, where a man talks  
without offence.

What is a remedy for all diseases ?  
Death.

What is a miser's music ? Chinking  
of money.

What is the true sign of a fool ? To  
be ever laughing.

What is good for a bald head ? A  
periwig.



Who are as gray-headed as old men ?  
Young men when they powder their  
hair.

*(Crossing of Proverbs ; Cross-answers  
and Cross-humours.)*



*THE QUIET LIFE.*

If Right were rack'd and over-run,  
And Power take part with open  
wrong ;

If Force by fear do yield too soon ;  
The lack is like to last too long.

If God for goods shall be un plac'd ;  
If Right for riches leaves his shape ;  
If World for wisdom be embrac'd :  
The guess is great much hurt may hap.

Among good things I prove and find,  
The QUIET LIFE doth most abound ;  
And sure, to the contented mind,  
There is no riches may be found.

Riches doth hate to be content ;  
Rude enemy to quiet ease ;  
Power, for the most part, is impatient,  
And seldom likes to live in peace.



I heard a Shepherd once compare :  
 That quiet nights he had more sleep,  
 And had more merry days to spare  
 Than he which own'd his flock of  
 sheep.

I would not have it thought, hereby,  
 The dolphin swim I mean to teach ;  
 Ne yet to learn the falcon fly ;  
 I rove not so far past my reach.

But as my part above the rest,  
 Is well to wish and good to will ;  
 So till the breath doth fail my breast ;  
 I shall not stay to wish you still. = *cease*  
 (*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)



### *GIRD AT THE PURITANS.*

For myself, I never loved to angle for  
 credit with a shew of more sober  
 countenance than simple meaning ; for  
 'in truth, brother,' and 'verily, sister,'  
 made the devil dance Trenchmore  
 where Hypocrisy blew the bagpipe.  
 Yea, quoth the Scholar, how catch you  
 a trout but with a filken fly, and can  
 you better deceive a fool than with a



taffaty (= *smooth*) face? Oh no, laugh upon every man at the first sight, make a curtsy of the old fashion, say a long grace without book, find fault with long hair and great ruffs, and tell youth of his folly, and all imperfections of the flesh shall be excluded from the spirit.  
(*Trenchmour.*)



*QUIPS AND CRANKS.*

There are four things greatly to be taken heed of: a fly in the eye, a bone in the throat, a dog at the heel, and a thief in the house.

There are four grievous lacks to a great many in the world: lack of health, lack of wealth, lack of wit, and lack of honesty.

There are four strange men in the world: they that make a god of their gold, an angel of the devil, a paradise of their pleasure, and glory of their pride.

There are four notes of an excellent wit: to learn that which is good, to labour for that which is necessary, to foresee a mischief, and to forget that which cannot be recovered.



There are four great trials of wit : to choose a friend and keep him, to conceal adversity with patience, to be thrifty without covetousness, and to live out of the fear of the law.

There be four great ciphers in the world : he that is lame among dancers, dumb among lawyers, dull among scholars, and rude among courtiers.

There are four wicked kinds of scoffers : they that scoff at the honest, at the wise, at the learned, or at the poor.

There are four knaves much dealt withal in the world : the Knave of Clubs [= *drinkers*], the Knave of Hearts [= *lovers*], the Knave of Spades [= *labourers*], and the Knave of Diamonds [= *rich*].

There are four things foolishly proud : a peacock that is proud of his tail, for he must moult it once every year ; an hart that is proud of his horns, for he must mew them once a year ; a cuckoo that is proud of her note, for she sings but once a year ; and an oak that is proud of her leaf, for it falls once a year. [Quaint old Dr. Wisdome bids the peacock remember that if it has a



gorgeous tail it may keep humble by looking down at its black feet.]

Four notes of a divine nature : to regard him whom the world scorneth, to love him whom the world hateth, to help him whom the world hurteth, and to advance him whom the world overthroweth.

Four needful eyes in a tavern : an eye to the guest, an eye to the plate, an eye to the score, and an eye to the door.

Four things generally empty : a head without brains, a wit without judgment, a heart without honesty, and a purse without money.

Four excellent medicines for many diseases : abstinence, exercise, mirth, and patience.

Four strange sports : to see a bear hunt a wild duck, an ape kiss an owl, a goose bite a fox, and a squirrel hunt a coney.

Four speedy passengers in the world : a bird through the air, a ship through the sea, a word from the mouth, and a thought from the mind.

Four tellers of fair weather : when the robin-red-breast sings early, when the bee works earnestly, when the spider



keeps house, and the swallow flies merrily.

Four things good in Winter : good fire, good company, good liquor, and money to pay for't.

*(The Figure of Foure.)*



### THE IGNOBLE RICH.

*'Where graceless sons do in their glory sit.'*

The wealthy RASCAL, be he ne'er so base,

Filthy, ill-favoured, ugly to behold,

Mole-eye, plaice-mouth, dog's-tooth  
and camel's-face ;

Blind, dumb and deaf ; diseasèd, rotten,  
old ;

Yet, if he have his coffers full of gold,

He shall have reverence, curtsy,  
cap and knee ;

And worship, like a man of high  
degree.

He shall have ballads written in his  
praise ;

Books dedicated to his patronage ;

Wits working for his pleasure many  
ways ;



Pedigrees sought to mend his parentage,  
And link'd, perhaps, in noble marriage ;  
He shall have all that this vile  
world can give him,  
That into pride the devil's mouth  
may drive him.

If he can speak, his words are oracles ;  
If he can see, his eyes are spectacles ;  
If he can hear, his ears are miracles ;  
If he can stand, his legs are pinnacles ;  
Thus in the rules of Reason's obstacles :  
If he be but a beast in shape and  
nature,  
Yet give him wealth, he is a goodly  
creature.

But be a man of ne'er so good a mind ;  
As fine a shape as Nature can devise ;  
Virtuous and gracious, comely, wise and  
kind ;  
Valiant, well - given, full of good  
qualities,  
And almost free from Fancy's vanities ;  
Yet let him want this filthy worldly  
dross,  
He shall be sent but to the Beggar's  
Cross.

The fool will scoff him and the knave  
abuse him,  
And every rascal in his kind disgrace him ;



Acquaintance leave him and his friends  
refuse him,

And every dog will from his door dis-  
place him ;

Oh, this vile world will seek so to deface  
him,

That until Death do come for to  
relieve him,

He shall have nothing here but  
that may grieve him.

If he have pence to purchase pretty  
things,

She that doth love him will dissemble  
love ;

While the poor man his heart with  
sorrow wrings

To see how want doth women's love  
remove ;

And make a jackdaw of a turtle dove.

If he be rich, worlds serve him  
for his pelf ;

If he be poor, he may go serve  
himself.

If he be rich, although his nose do  
run,

His lips do slaver and his breath do  
stink,

He shall have napkins fair and finely  
spun ;



Pills for the rheum, and such perfumèd  
drink

As were he blind, he shall not seem to  
wink ;

Yea, let him cough, hark, spit . . .

If he be wealthy, nothing is amiss.

But with his pence, if he have got him  
power,

Then half a god, that is more half a  
devil ;

Then Pride must teach him how to look  
as four

As beldam's milk that turnèd with her  
snevil ; *= nose-drops*

While the poor man that little thinketh  
evil,

Though nobly born, shall fear the  
beggar's frown,

And creep and crouch unto a filthy  
clown.

Oh, he that wants this wicked canker'd  
coin

May fret to death before he find relief ;  
But if he have the cunning to pur-  
loin

And ease the beggar of his biting  
grief,

Although (perhaps) he play the privy  
thief,



It is no matter if the bags be full ;  
Well fare the wit that makes the  
world a Gull.

*(Pasquil's Madcappe.)*



*A REPORT SONG IN A DREAM  
BETWEEN A SHEPHERD AND  
HIS NYMPH.*

Shall we go dance the hay ? *The hay ?*  
Never pipe could ever play  
better shepherd's roundelay.

Shall we go sing the song ? *The song ?*  
Never Love did ever wrong :  
fair maids hold hands all along.

Shall we go learn to woo ? *To woo ?*  
Never thought came ever to,  
better deed could better do.

Shall we go learn to kifs ? *To kifs ?*  
Never heart could ever miss  
comfort, where true meaning is.

Thus at bafe they run. *They run,*  
When the sport was scarce begun :  
but I wake, and all was done.  
*(Daffodils and Primroses.)*



*RESPECT HUMBLE RUSTIC  
FOLKS.*

If you will needs be merry with your  
wits,  
Take heed of names and figuring of  
natures ;  
And tell how near the goose the gander  
fits ;  
Of *Hal* and *Lil*, and of such filly  
creatures ; *= innocent*  
Of *Croydon sanguine* \* and of home-made  
features ;  
But scorn them not, for they are  
honest people,  
Although perhaps they never saw  
Paul's steeple.

*(No Whippinge.)*

\* Black-a-vised. Croydon was then noted for its colliers. A play called 'Grim, the Collier of Croydon,' has been (in part) ascribed to no less than Shakespeare. See Simpson's 'School of Shakspeare,' vol. ii., 388, and 443, 870.





*SATIRE TO BE SHUNNED.*

If that a mind be full of misery,  
What villainy is it to vex it more ?  
And if a wench do tread her shoe awry  
What honest heart would turn her  
out of door ?  
Oh, if our faults were all upon the  
score ; = debts  
What man so holy but would be  
ashamed  
To hear himself upon the schedule  
named ?

Let us then leave our biting kind of  
verses ;  
They are too bitter for a gentler taste.  
Sharp-pointed speech so near the spirit  
pierces,  
As grows to rankle ere the poison  
waste.  
But let all be forgotten that is past ;  
And let us all agree in one in this,  
Let God alone to mend what is  
amiss.

But if we needs will try our wits to  
write,  
And strive to mount our Muses to the  
height ;



Oh, let us labour for that heavenly light  
That may direct us in our passage  
straight :

Where humble wits may holy will  
await :

And there to find that work to  
write and read,

That may be worth the looking  
on indeed.

To show the life of unity in love,  
Where never discord doth the music  
mar ;

But, in the blessing of the soul's behove  
To see the light of that far-shining star,  
Which shows the day that never night  
can scar ;

But in the brightness of eternal  
glory,

How love and life do make a blessed  
story.

If we be touch'd with sorrow of our sins,  
Express our passions as the Psalmists  
did ;

And show how mercy, hope's relief  
begins,

Where greatest harms are in repent-  
ance hid :



Where Grace in Mercy doth despair  
forbid :

And sing of Him and of His glory  
such,

Who hateth sin yet will forgive so  
much.

And let our hymns be angel harmony

Where Hallelujah makes the heavens  
to ring ;

And make a concert of such company,

As make the Choir but to their Holy  
King :

This, then, I say, would be a blessed  
thing :

When all the world might joy to  
hear and see,

How Poets in such Poetry agree . . .

Let us all Poets then agree together

Torun from Hell and feigned Helicon ;

And look at Heaven, and humbly hie  
us thither ;

Where graces shall be let in, every  
one,

To sing a part in Glory's unison ;

And there to settle all our soul's  
desire,

To hear the music of their heavenly  
quire.                    (*No Whippinge.*)



*FINAL APPEAL TO DONNE,  
HALL, MARSTON, AND ALL.*

Oh, Poets, turn the humour of your  
brains

Unto some heavenly Muse, or medi-  
tation ;

And let your spirits there employ your  
pains,

Where never weary needs no recrea-  
tion ;

While God doth blefs each gracious  
cogitation ;

For proud companions are always  
odious,

But humble Muses' music is melo-  
dious . . .

No, no ; let Fancy wean herself from  
Folly,

And heavenly prayers grace our  
poetry ;

Let us not love the thought that is not  
holy,

Nor bend our minds to blind men's  
beggary ;

But let us think it our soul's misery,



That all our Muses do not join in  
 one,  
 To make a Quire to sing to God  
 alone.

For could our spirits all agree together,  
 In the true ground of Virtue's humble  
 grace ;

To sing of Heaven and of the highway  
 thither,

And of the joys in that most joyful  
 place ;

Where angels' arms the blessed souls  
 embrace ;

Then God Himself would bless our  
 soul's inditing ;

And all the world would love a  
 Poet's writing.

*(No Whippinge.)*



*SATIRE THREATENED IF  
 NEEDED.*

Then let a knave be known to be a  
 knave ;

A thief a villain and a churl a hog ;

A minx a minion and a rogue a slave ;

A trull a tit, an usurer a dog ;



A lob a lout, a heavy lol a log ;  
And every bird go roost in her own  
nest,  
And then perhaps my Muse will be  
at rest.

But if a Jack will be a gentleman,  
And Mistress Needens lady it at least ;  
And every goose be saucy with the swan,  
While the ass thinks he is a goodly  
beast ;

While so the fool doth keep Ambition's  
feast :

My Muse in conscience that cannot  
be quiet,

Will give them this good sauce unto  
their diet.

But I do hope I am but in a dream ;  
Fools will be wiser than to lose their  
wits ;

The country wench will look unto her  
cream,

And workmen see best where their profit  
fits,

And leave fantasticks to their idle fits :

Pride shall go down and virtue shall  
increase ;

And then my Muse be still, and hold  
her peace.



But if I see the world will not amend ;  
The wealthy beggar counterfeit the King,  
And idle spirits all their humours spend,  
In seeking how to make the cuckoo  
sing ;

If fortune thus do dance in Folly's ring,  
When contraries thus go against their  
kinds

My Muse resolves to tell them what  
she finds.

For she cannot be partial in her speech,  
To smooth and flatter, to collogue and  
lie ;

She cannot make a breast-plate of a  
beech,

Nor praise his sight that hath but half  
an eye ;

She cannot do herself such injury :

For she was made out of so plain a  
mould,

As doth but Truth for all her honour  
hold.

*(Pasquil's Madcappe.)*





*A SMILE MISCONSTRUED.*

By your leave a little while  
Love hath got a Beauty's smile,  
From on Earth the fairest face ;  
But he may be much deceiv'd,  
Kindness may be misconceiv'd ;  
Laughing oft is in disgrace.

Oh, but he doth know her nature,  
And to be that blest creature  
That doth answer Love with Kind-  
ness ;

Tush, the Phoenix is a fable,  
Phœbus' horses have no stable ;  
Love is often full of blindness.

Oh, but he doth hear her voice,  
Which doth make his heart rejoice  
With the sweetness of her sound ;  
Simple hope may be abus'd :  
Hears he not he is refus'd ?

Which may give his heart a wound.

No ! Love can believe it never,  
Beauty favours once and ever ;  
Though proud Envy play the elf ;  
Truth and Patience have approv'd  
Love shall ever be belov'd,  
If my Mistress be her self.

*(Melancholic Humours.)*



*QUAINT AND APT SAYINGS.*

Fools are cozened with fair words of fine devices, as a foul crow to be persuaded with eloquence, that she is beloved for her white bill.

*(Wit's Trenchmour.)*

Snarling curs will bite a man behind.

*(Pasquil's Fool's Cap.)*

A mouse in a cupboard will mar a whole cheefe, and an ill-tongued woman will trouble a whole town.

*(Wit's Private Wealth.)*

When the owl sings, the nightingale will hold her peace.

*(A Poste.)*

While the peacock is gazing at his train, the fox will be knitting of his hose garters [= *seizing him by the legs*].

*(Wit's Trenchmour.)*

As rich as a new-shorn sheep.

*(A Poste.)*

I now have found the snail out by his slime.

*(Passionate Shepherd.)*

They were all sparrows to his nightingale.

*(Wit's Trenchmour.)*



Lose not thy pains to teach an owl to speak.

*(Mother's Blessing.)*

He is but foolish, were he ne'er so soon,  
That runs in haste to overtake the moon.

*(Pasquil's Fool's Cap.)*

'To break a bulrush on a coat of steel.'

*(Honour of Valour.)*

'Tis money makes the man,  
Yet shall not money make him young again, do what he can.

*(A Flourish upon Fancy.)*

The nearer that thy purse is poll'd,  
The more still friendship waxeth cold.

*(Ibid.)*

To reap the corn ere it be ripe may  
prove more haste than good speed.

*(Strange Fortunes.)*

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

*(Crossing of Proverbs.)*

Very far in millstones to see.

*(Wit's Trenchmour.)*

Once well warned is as good as twice.

*(Flourish upon Fancy.)*

There is no pack of cards without a knave.

*(Pasquil's Fool's Cap.)*



*A Bower of Delights.*

Rather love a molehill of thine own  
than a mountain of thy neighbour's.

*(Wit's Trenchmour.)*

Home is home, be it never so homely.

*(Strange Fortunes.)*

Faint heart never won fair lady.

*(Will of Wit.)*

The nearer the Church the further  
from God.

*(Crossing of Proverbs.)*

A merry companion is a waggon on  
the way.

*(Ibid.)*

When thieves fall out true men come  
by their goods.

*(Ibid.)*

Nothing venture, nothing having.

*(Wonders worth Hearing.)*

It is an ill wind that bloweth no man  
to good.

*(Ibid.)*

The small grafs of the field fills the  
barn full of hay, and the poor man's  
money fills the rich man's purse.

*(Ibid.)*

Many drops of water will drive a  
mill.

*(A Murmurer.)*

He who has an evil name is half  
hanged.

*(Divine Consolations.)*

The evil mind is more foul than the  
blackest face.

*(A Murmurer.)*

Spoil not thy teeth with cracking  
such a nut.

*(Mother's Blessing.)*



If the cook do not lack wit he will  
sweetly lick his fingers. (*Fantastics.*)

What is bred in the bone will never  
out of the flesh. (*Good and Bad.*)

It is an evil bird will 'file its own  
nest. (*Will of Wit.*)

A calf in a closet is as ill as a cuckoo  
in a cage. (*A Poste.*)

Ale will make a cat speak. (*Ibid.*)

A staff is soon found to beat a dog  
withal. (*Crossing of Proverbs.*)

To laugh at a horse's nest [= modern  
'mare's nest']. (*Flourish of Fancy.*)

A curtail [= *docked*] jade will show  
his hackney tricks. (*Figure of Four.*)

One swallow makes not summer.  
(*Wit's Trenchmour.*)

Esteem a horse according to his pace,  
But loose no wages on a wild-goose  
chase. (*Mother's Blessing.*)

Good masters are like black swans  
[=*rare (until Australia sent them to us)*].  
(*A Poste.*)

The rolling stone gathers no moss.  
(*Strange Fortunes.*)

Haste makes waste.  
(*Flourish of Fancy.*)

To gallop ere he learn to trot.  
(*Pasquil's Fool's Cap.*)



He that looks before he leaps,  
Is likest sure to stand.

(*Flourish of Fancy.*)

No eye so cloudy as the wilful blind.

(*Arbor of Amorous Devices.*)

Too long hoping for dead men's shoes.

(*Pasquil's Pass.*)

Over shoes, over boots.

(*Crossing of Proverbs.*)

[See our Introduction on Breton as the giver of the present-day form to many Proverbs.]



### SENTENTIOUS SAYINGS.

He that takes much and gives nothing  
shall have more wealth than love.

He that gives much and takes nothing  
shall have many thanks and few friends.

He that builds castles in the air in  
hope of a new world may break his neck  
ere he comes to half his age.

He that riseth early and maketh light  
meals keeps his body in health and his  
stomach in temper.

If you offend God repentance will  
have pardon, but if you offend the Law  
take heed of execution.



He that spends more than he gets will hardly be rich, and he that speaks more than he knows will never be counted wise.

He that offends God to please a creature is like him that killeth himself to avoid a hurt.

He that feasteth the rich makes a friendship with Mammon ; but he that relieveth the poor is blessed of God.

The shot of a cannon makes a terrible report, but he that starts at the noise of it will hardly prove a soldier.

The spider's web is a net for a fly, and a flattering tongue is a trap for a fool.

The longest day will have night at last, and age will wither the smoothest skin in the world.

A fair flower without scent is like a fair woman without grace.

A jest is never well broken but when it hurteth not the hearers and profiteth the speaker.

Hope is comfortable in absence, but possession is the true pleasure.

A man is dead when he sleepeth, and darkness is the Sorrow of Time.

There is no true rich man but the



contented, nor truly poor but the covetous.

The rich man's goods make him fearful to die, and the poor man's want makes him weary of his life.

Snuff a candle and it will burn clear, and cut off dead flesh and the wound will heal the sooner.

Thought is a swift traveller, and the soul is in Heaven in an instant.

How vain is the love of riches, which may be lost or left in an instant.

If thou dost ill do not excuse it ; if well, do not boast of it.

The cares of business and the vanity of pleasures are the soul's hindrance to her highest happiness.

Sin comes with conception, but grace only by imposition.

In the repentance of sin sorrow brings comfort.

Who laboureth for knowledge makes a benefit of Time, but he that loveth virtue looks after Eternity.

He that makes Beauty a star, studies a false astronomy, and he that is soundly in love needs no other purgatory.

The looking-glass of life becomes an hour-glass at death.



A cat may lose a mouse and catch her again, but he that loseth time can never recover it.

When rich men die they are buried with pomp, but when good men die they are buried with tears.

A great wit may have a weak body, and a great head but little wit.

The tiger is said to be the cruellest beast in the world, but an usurer upon a bond will go to the devil for money.

The eyes grow dim when they come to spectacles, and it is cold in the valleys when snow lieth on the mountains.

The sting of a scorpion is only healed with his blood, and where Beauty wounds Love makes the cure.

A shower of rain doth well in a drought, but when dust turns to dirt the home is better than the highway.

When the rich prey on the poor and the poor pray for the rich there is great difference in praying.

Much reading makes a ready scholar, but the gift of Nature doth much in Art.

A far traveller seeth much, but he that goes to Heaven makes a happy journey.



An escape from danger is comfortable, but to keep out of it is wisdom.

The hearts of the honest bleed inwardly.

A fly feeds a swallow that will choke a man.

Hunger is the best sauce to any meat.

Some say tobacco is good to purge the head, but he that followeth it well will find it a shrewd purge to the purse.

No eye can see the brightness of the sun : how glorious is then that light from whence it hath light.

Great boast and small roast makes a cold kitchen, and shrugging of shoulders is no paying of debts.

He that will hold out the year must abide Winter and Summer, and he that will go into Heaven must endure the miseries of the world.

When a fox prowleth, beware the geese.

The fish in the river is not afraid of drowning ; but if he play with a bait it will cost him his life.

A dog will rejoice at the sight of his master, when, perhaps, his mistress will frown at his coming home.



He that hath an ill face hath need of a good wit.

Many hands make quick work, but one is enough in a purse.

When geese fly together they are known by their cackling, and when gossips do meet they will be heard.

When tailors began to mete lords' lands by the yard, then began gentility to go down the wind.

Truth hath often much ado to be believed, and a lie runs far before it be stayed.

Affability breeds love, but familiarity contempt.

The sun is the labourer's dial, and the cock the housewife's watchman.

Many a dog is hanged for his skin, and many a man is killed for his purse.

'Tis soon enough that is well enough, and never too late that doth good at last.

That is not to-day may be to-morrow, but yesterday will never come again.

Too much reading is ill for the eye-sight, and too little reading is ill for the in-sight.

'Be not jealous without just cause.'—  
[It will be remembered Shakespeare



puts the sentiment in the mouth of  
Cæsar.]

*(Wit's Private Wealth.)*



*SPEECH IS SILVERN, SILENCE  
GOLDEN.*

Oh, my thoughts, keep in your words,  
Lest their passage do repent ye ;  
Knowing, Fortune still affords  
Nothing, but may discontent ye.

If your faint be like the sun,  
Sit not ye in Phœbus' chair ;  
Lest, when once the horses run,  
Ye be Dædalus his heir.

If your labours well deserve,  
Let your silence only grace them ;  
And in patience hope preserve,  
That no fortune shall deface them.

If your friend do grow unkind,  
Grieve, but do not seem to show it ;  
For a patient heart shall find  
Comfort, when the soul shall know it.



If your trust be all betrayed,  
Try, but trust no more at all ;  
But in soul be not dismayed  
Whatsoever do befall.

In yourselves yourselves enclose,  
Keep your secrecies unseen ;  
Lest, when ye yourselves disclose,  
Ye had better never been.

And whatever be your state,  
Do not languish over-long ;  
Lest you find it, all too late,  
Sorrow be a deadly song.

And be comforted in this,  
If your passions be concealed,  
Cross or comfort, bale or bliss,  
'Tis the best, if not revealed.

So, my dearest thoughts, adieu,  
Hark, whereto my soul doth call ye !  
Be but secret, wise, and true,  
Fear no evil can befall ye.  
(*Melancholic Humours*, 1600.)





*EDMUND SPENSER, 1599.*

Mournful Muses, Sorrow's minions  
Dwelling in Despair's opinions ;  
Ye that never thought invented  
How a heart may be contented ;  
(But in torments all distressèd,  
Hopeless how to be redressèd ;  
All with howling and with crying,  
Live in a continual dying) ;  
Sing a dirge on Spenser's death,  
Till your souls be out of breath.

Bid the dunces keep their dens,  
And the poets break their pens ;  
Bid the shepherds shed their tears,  
And the nymphs go tear their hairs ;  
Bid the scholars leave their reading,  
And prepare their hearts to bleeding ;  
Bid the valiant and the wise,  
Full of sorrows fill their eyes ;  
All for grief that he is gone,  
Who did grace them every one.

*Fairy Queen*, shew fairest Queen  
= *Elizabeth*

How her fair in thee is seen ;  
*Shepherd's Calendar* set down  
 How to figure best a clown ;



As for *Mother Hubbard's Tale*,  
Crack the nut and eat the shale ; = *shell*  
And for other works of worth  
(All too good to wander forth),  
Grieve that ever you were wrot,  
And your Author be forgot.

Farewell Art of Poetry,  
Scorning idle foolery ;  
Farewell true conceited Reason,  
Where was never thought of treason ;  
Farewell judgment, with invention  
To describe a heart's intention ;  
Farewell Wit, whose sound and sense  
Shew a poet's excellence ;  
Farewell all in one together,  
And with Spenser's garland wither.

And if any Graces live,  
That will Virtue honour give ;  
Let them show their true affection  
In the depth of Grief's perfection ;  
In describing forth her glory,  
When she is most deeply sorry ;  
That they all may ask to hear  
Such a song and such a quier ; = *choir*  
As with all the woes they have  
Follow Spenser to the grave.  
(*Melancholic Humours.*)



*A JESTING STORY.*

FRANCIS. It was my hap to travel into a country town or pretty village, where I lodged in an inn at the sign of the Wild Goose ; where, walking in the back-side, I saw a dozen of pretty fine chickens, when, looking well upon them, an unhappy boy (meaning to play the knave kindly with me) told me that in the morning all those chickens would be lambs. ‘Go to now, boy,’ quoth I ; ‘do not lie, I pray thee.’ ‘In truth, fir,’ quoth he, ‘it is true.’ At the first (a little concealing my displeasure conceived against the boy) I wondered at his speech ; but in the morning I found it true. And was not this a wonder ?  
LAD. No, marry, Sir, it is no wonder that the goodman of the house being called Lamb, but the chickens should be all Lamb’s. (*Merry Wonders.*)

[The occurrence *ut supra* of ‘back-side’ = garden, or here back-court, recalls a misunderstood bit in Henry Vaughan the Silurist in his ‘Looking Back’ :



‘ How brave a prospect is a bright back-  
side !

Where flow’rs and palms refresh the  
eye !

And days well spent like the glad East  
abide,

Whose morning - glories cannot  
dye.’

Lyte, in his edition of *Silex Scintillans*, ignorant (apparently) of the real meaning, or offended by its changed application, silently changed the text thus :

‘ How brave a prospect is a travers’d  
plain !’

So, too, after-reprints, until our collective edition of Vaughan. A quotation from Ben Jonson’s ‘ Case is Altered ’ will further illustrate the early and later meaning.—‘ ONION. . . . but if thou wilt go with me into her father’s back-side, old Jacques’ back-side, and speak for me to Rachel ’ (Act iv., sc. 3). Then in sc. 4, Jacques being told by Rachel that there are some persons in the back-garden, cries in fear of robbery, ‘ How, in my back-side? Where? What come they for? Where are they?’ It is in this back-enclosure that Jacques digs



a hole for his gold and covers it with horse-dung, and there Onion, lest he should be discovered, gets up a tree. It might be worth while inquiring how 'back-side' has come to have such a deteriorated and oddly different meaning.]



### *SHIPWRECKED SAILOR'S STORY.*

Melancholy walking a little on. . . . I began to frame myself to the humour of a cunning beggar ; when, meeting with a grave old man—who by his velvet coat, his golden chain and his rich-furred gown, should seem to be at the least some rich Burgher, if not some Burghmaster of some city—this well-apparelled picture with a kind of life that gave the body leave to carry the head upon a square pair of shoulders : I, in hope to find him more comfortable than the fair house of Master Mock-beggar, having saluted with a great reverence, and being requited with a proud nod, I yet adventured to board with a few words. When, hoping to



have found him a man of no less understanding spirit, to judge of the estate and conditions of men, than bounty in the relief of the unfortunately distressed, I fell aboard with him with these few words: ‘Sir, I think you have heard of the hard fortune of the *Buon-a-venture*, who put into your harbour the other night, hardly saving her life with loss of all her goods and some of her people. Myself, with much ado, well weather-beaten, as you may see, with some few that lie sick in the haven, got to shore, and am now travelling towards your city near before me. Loth am I to enter into any base course for my comfort; but if I might be beholden to your good favour in this time of my distress, giving me your name withal, I doubt not, if I live, but either by myself or my better friends, to find a time either to requite or deserve it.’ He, as one whose heart was so shut up in his purse that he understood nothing but ware and money, after a harsh hum or two, gave me this answer: ‘Was there nothing saved of her goods, I pray you? What was her freight?’ ‘Sir,’ quoth I, ‘it was most silks and spices, but some pearl and



money, more than would have been willingly lost.' 'Good commodities,' quoth he, 'by my fay [= *faith*], a shrewd mischance ; I am sorry for ye ; I would I could do ye good, but am now in haste going about a little business, and therefore I cannot stand to talk with you. God be with you ; the town is hard before you, you will be there anon ; but if you have any jewels or pearl that you have saved, I will give you money for it, if I like it.' 'Truly, Sir,' quoth I, 'jewels I have not many, only two rings on my fingers, and this bracelet of pearl I have saved. My bracelet cost me a hundred crowns ; if it please you to have it of the price it cost, though against my will, I will part with it.' With this upon his bottle-red nose he drops on a pair of spectacles, and looking on my pearl, found fault with the roundness and the clearness, and I know not else, till at the last, thinking to make a gain of my misery, he offered me ten crowns, saying that he had no need of it, but rather than I should be disfurnished of money (being a stranger), he would adventure so much on it. Whereat I swallowed a sigh, and concealing my dis-



content, desired him to pardon me. I hoped to find some of my countrymen in the city, that I would be as bold as I might withal. Thus, with an idle word or two, did I leave this good old gentleman, in whom how much I was, and many more no doubt have been, mistaken, I refer to the judgment of those that can spell him with book, and my desire never to come near him within book. . . . The shadow of a man, and the substance of a money-bag ; with charity or humanity, by the hypocritical figure of gravity, to be a creature of understanding, a man of honour, and a blessed reliever of the miserable.

*(A Mad World, my Masters.)*

[With reference to the words 'bord' and 'aboard,' a quotation from George Herbert will make the meaning clear :

'Affect in things about thee cleanliness,  
That all may gladly board thee, as a  
flower.'

French *aborder*, to go or come side by side with ; hence it has the same etymology and signification as 'accord' (*accoast*, Fr. *coste* or *côte*) : 'accoast her or



front her, board her, woo her, assail her' ('Twelfth Night,' i. 3). As a resulting sense, the French *aborder* also means to become familiar with. (Cotgrave.)]



### SUMMER.

It is now Summer, and Zephyrus with his sweet breath cools the parching beams of Titan. The leaves of the trees are in whisper-talks of the blessings of the air, while the nightingale is tuning her throat to refresh the weary spirit of the traveller. Flora now brings out her wardrobe, and richly embroidereth her green apron. The nymphs of the woods, in concert with the Muses, sing an *ave* to the morning and a *vale* to the sun's setting. The lambs and the rabbits run at base [= *game of prisoner's base*] in the sandy warrens, and the plough lands are covered with corn. The stately hart is at lair in the high wood, while the hare in a furrow sits washing of her face. The bull makes his walk like a master of the field and the broad-headed ox bears the



garland of the market. The Angler with a fly takes his pleasure with the fish, while the little merlin [= *hunting-hawk*] hath the partridge in the foot. The honey-dews perfume the air, and the sunny showers are the earth's comfort. The greyhound on the plain makes the fair course, and the well-mouthed hound makes the music of the woods. The battle of the field is now stoutly fought, and the proud rye must stoop to the sickle. The carter's whistle cheers his forehorse, and drink and sweat is the life of the labourer. Idle sports are banished the limits of honour, while the studious brain brings forth his works. The azure sky shows the heaven is gracious, and the glorious sun glads the spirit of Nature. The ripened fruits show the beauty of the Earth, and the brightness of the fair the glory of the heavens. In sum, for the world of work I find in it, I thus conclude of it: I hold it a most sweet reason, the variety of pleasures and the paradise of Love. Farewell.

(*Fantastics.*)





*CHRISTMAS DAY.*

It is now Christmas, and not a cup of drink must pass without a carol. The beasts, fowl and fish come to a general execution, and the corn is ground to dust for the bakehouse and the pastry. Cards and dice purge many a purse, and the youth show their agility in shooting of the wild mare.\* Now good cheer and 'Welcome, and God be with you,' and 'I thank you,' and against the New Year provide for the presents. The Lord of Misrule is no mean man for his time,† and the guests of the high table must lack no wine. The lusty bloods must look about them like men, and piping and dancing puts away much melancholy. Stolen venison is sweet, and a fat coney is worth money. Pit-falls [= *snares*] are now set for small birds and a woodcock hangs himself in a gin. A good fire heats all the house, and a full alms-basket makes the beggar's prayers. The Maskers and the Mummers make the merry sport; but if they lose

\* 'Wild mare' = Old English sport.

† Along with Maskers of the Mummers, etc. = a sport of the season.



their money their drum goes dead. Swearers and swaggerers are sent away to the alehouse, and unruly wenches go in danger of judgment. Musicians now make their instruments speak out, and a good song is worth the hearing. In sum, it is a holy time, a duty in Christians for the remembrance of Christ, and custom among friends for the maintenance of good-fellowship. In brief, I thus conclude it : I hold it a memory of the Heaven's love and the World's peace, the mirth of the honest and the meeting of the friendly. Farewell.

(*Fantastics.*)



### *EASTER DAY.*

It is now Easter, and Jack of Lent is turned out of doors. The fishermen now hang up their nets to dry, while the calf and the lamb walk towards the kitchen and the pastry [qu. *pantry*?]. The velvet heads of the forest [= *deer*] fall at the loose of the cross-bow. The salmon-trout plays with the fly, and the March rabbit runs dead into the dish.



The Indian commodities pay the merchant's adventure, and Barbary sugar puts honey out of countenance. The Holy Feast is kept for the faithful, and a known Jew hath no place among Christians. The Earth now begins to paint her upper garment, and the trees put out their young buds ; the little kids chew their cuds, and the swallow feeds on the flies in the air. The stork cleaneth the brooks of the frogs, and the spar-hawk prepares her wing for the partridge. The little fawn is stolen from the doe, and the male deer begin to herd. The spirit of youth is inclined to mirth, and the conscionable scholar will not break a holiday. The minstrel calls the maid from her dinner, and the lover's eyes do troll the tennis-balls. There is mirth and joy when there is health and liberty ; and he that hath money will be no mean man in his mansion. The air is wholesome and the sky comfortable. The flowers are odoriferous, and the fruits pleasant. I conclude it is a day of much delightfulness : the sun's dancing day and the Earth's holiday. Farewell.

*(Fantastics.)*



*AUTHORS OF HIGH  
TRAGEDIES.*

Go tell the authors of High Tragedies  
That bloodless quarrels are but merry  
fights ;

And such as best conceit their Comedies,  
Do feed their fancies but with fond  
delights ;

Where toys will show that figure  
Truth's intention,

They spoil their sports with too much  
invention.

\* \* \* \* \*

Go bid the Poets study better matter,  
Than Mars and Venus in a Tragedy ;  
And bid them leave to learn, to lie and  
flatter,

In plotting of a Lover's Comedy ;  
And bid Play-Writers better spend  
their spirits

Than in fox-burrows or in coney-  
ferrits.\*

*(Pasquil's Message.)*

\* See note under 'Pasquil's Message ;' also our Introduction. Meantime, the last line of above quotation may be noted as a gird at unhappy Robert Greene and his 'fox-burrows' and 'coney'-catching books.



*FOREIGN AND HOME TRAVEL.*

Adventures are dangerous, the seas boisterous and the waves perilous ; and great is the difference between strange companions and home friends. What canst thou see abroad that is not here ? The same Earth, and little different in nature either for heat or cold. The same sun shining there that shineth here. Men and women in the same shape that thou seest here. In their universities the same kind of scholars. In their cities, merchants and men of trade and traffic as we have in ours. In their villages, such farmers and labourers. In their tribunal-seats, such judges. In their wars, such men of arms. In their Court, such lords and ladies ; and in all places such kind of people as in some places of our dominion thou mayest take notice of if thou be circumspect. What shall I say to persuade thee rather to stay at home than stray abroad ? Thou hast a father that loves thee more dearly than any friend can do ; a sister whose virtue with her beauty deserveth an honourable fortune,



and which I think not thy least charge in conscience to have a care of, inasmuch as may be in thee to accomplish ; thy mother holds thee so dear as her life ; thy friends make a game of thy kindness ; thy followers in thine honour settle the hope of their fortune, and my subjects in thy wisdom repose the happiness of their whole state. All this and many more particular causes of content thou hast here at home, likely every day to encrease ; where abroad how bitter will be thy change, I fear to think, should sorrow to hear, and shall not live to digest. Then, perhaps, such may be the merciful nature of the glorious height of the Heaven's highest grace, as may favour thy disposition, prosper thy adventures, and bless thee in all thy actions. But as it is ill to distrust God, so is it not good to tempt Him : answer me therefore truly to this, I demand of thee, whether thy desire be to travel or not, and what are the reasons that persuade thy resolution ; however it be, you shall find in me that kindness that the condition of thy love deserveth.

*(Strange Fortunes.)*



*AN USURER.*

An Usurer is a figure of Misery, who hath made himself a slave to his money. His eye is clos'd from pity, and his hand from charity ; his ear from compassion and his heart from piety. While he lives he is the hate of a Christian, and when he dies, he goes with horror to Hell. His study is sparing, and his care is getting ; his fear is wanting, and his death is losing. His diet is either fasting or poor fare ; his clothing the hangman's wardrobe ; his house the receptacle of knavery, and his music the chinking of his money. He is a kind of canker that with the teeth of Interest eats the hearts of the poor, and a venomous fly that sucks out the blood of any flesh that he alights on. In sum, he is a servant of dross, a slave to misery, an agent for Hell and a devil in the world.

*(Good and Bad.)*





*A BEGGAR.*

A Beggar is the child of Idleness, whose life is a resolution of ease. His travel is most in the highways and his *rendezvous* is commonly an alehouse. His study is to counterfeit impotency and his practice to cozen simplicity of Charity. The juice of the malt is the liquor of his life, and at bed and board a louse is his companion. He fears no such enemy as a constable, and being acquainted with the stocks must visit them as he goes by them. He is a drone that feeds upon the labours of the bee, and unhappily begotten that is born for no goodness. His staff and his scrip are his walking furniture, and what he lacks in meat he will have out in drink. He is a kind of caterpillar that spoils much good fruit, and an unprofitable creature to live in a Commonwealth. He is seldom handsome and often noisome, always troublesome and never welcome. He prays for all and preys upon all; begins with blessing but ends often with cursing. If he has a license he shows it with a grace, but if he has none, he is submissive to the ground. Sometimes



he is a thief, but always a rogue ; and in the nature of his profession the shame of Humanity. In sum, he is commonly begot in a bush, born in a barn, lives in a highway, and dies in a ditch.

(*Good and Bad.*)



### *A WAGGERY.*

Children's *abs* and women's *ohs*,  
Do a wondrous grief disclose ;  
Where a dug the one will still,  
And the t'other but a will.

Then in God's name let them cry ;  
While they cry they will not die ;  
For but few that are so curst  
As to cry until they burst.

Say some children are untoward ;  
So some women are as froward ;  
Let them cry then, 'twill not kill them ;  
There is time enough to still them.

But if Pity will be pleas'd  
To relieve the small diseas'd ; = *uneasy*  
When the help is once applying  
They will quickly leave their crying.



Let the child then suck his fill ;  
Let the woman have her will ;  
All will hush was heard before ;  
*Ah* and *oh* will cry no more.  
(*Melancholic Humours.*)



*WATCHFULNESS.*

To have a kind of superficial sight  
In hawks and hounds, and horse and  
fowl and fish,  
Is not amiss ; but let thy heart's delight  
Be never settled in an idle dish,  
Nor show thy folly in a wanton wish ;  
Be silent to thyself whate'er thou  
thinkest,  
And take good heed with whom and  
where thou drinkest.

Learn for instruction, read for exercise ;  
Practise for knowledge and for gain re-  
member ;  
In worldly pleasures make no paradise ;  
Know that thou art of Christ His church  
a member,  
And do not make thine April in Sep-  
tember ;



Unto thy God in youth direct thy ways,  
And He will bleſs thee in thine aged  
days.

Let Conſcience know the title of a crown,  
Yet know withal there is a King of  
kings,  
Who hoifteth up and headlong tumbleth  
down ;  
And all the world doth cover with His  
wings ;  
While heaven and earth but of His glory  
ſings :  
To whom diſcharge the love thou daily  
oweſt,  
And He will bleſs thee whereſoe'er thou  
goeſt.

Wink at the world as though thou  
ſaw'ſt it not,  
And all Earth's treasure but as traſh  
deſpiſe ;  
Let not thy folly loſe that wit hath got,  
Nor loſe an art by lack of exerciſe ;  
Yet let no labour honour prejudice ;  
Be wiſely ſparing but not miſerable,=  
*miſerly*  
And rather die than be diſhonourable.  
(*A Mother's Bleſſing.*)



*YEOMAN: 1618—TO A  
COURTIER.*

For your gentlemen, we have good Yeomen that use more courtesy, or at least, kindness than courtesy, more friendship than compliments, and more truth than eloquence; and perhaps I may tell you I think we have more ancient and true gentlemen that hold the plough in the field than you have in great places that wait with a trencher at a table; and I have heard my father say, this I believe to be true, that a true gentleman will be better known by his inside than his outside: for (as he said) a true gentleman will be like himself, sober but not proud, liberal and yet thrifty, wise but not full of words; and better seen on the land than be too busy with the laws: one that fears God, will be true to his king, and well knows how to live in the world, and whatsoever God sends hath the grace to be content with it; loves his wife and his children, is careful for his family, is a friend to his neighbour and no enemy to himself; and this (said my father) is indeed the true gentleman: and for his



qualities, if he can speak well, and ride well, and shoot well, and bowl well, we desire no more of him. But for kissing of the hand, as if he were licking of his fingers, hanging down the head as if his neck were out of joint ; or scratched by the foot as if he were a corn-cutter ; or leering aside like a wench after her sweetheart ; or winking with one eye as though he were levying at a woodcock ; and such apish tricks as came out of the Land of Petito, where a monkey and a baboon make an urchin generation ; and for telling of tales of the adventurous knight and the strange lady ; and for writing in rhyme or talking in prose with more tongues than teeth in his head ; and with that which he brought from beyond the seas which he cannot get rid of at home, for swearing and braving, scoffing and snubbing, with such tricks of the devil's teaching, we allow none of that learning.

*(Courtier and Countryman.)*

THE END.











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